

WOODWIND

An Arts Paper

Washington, D.C.

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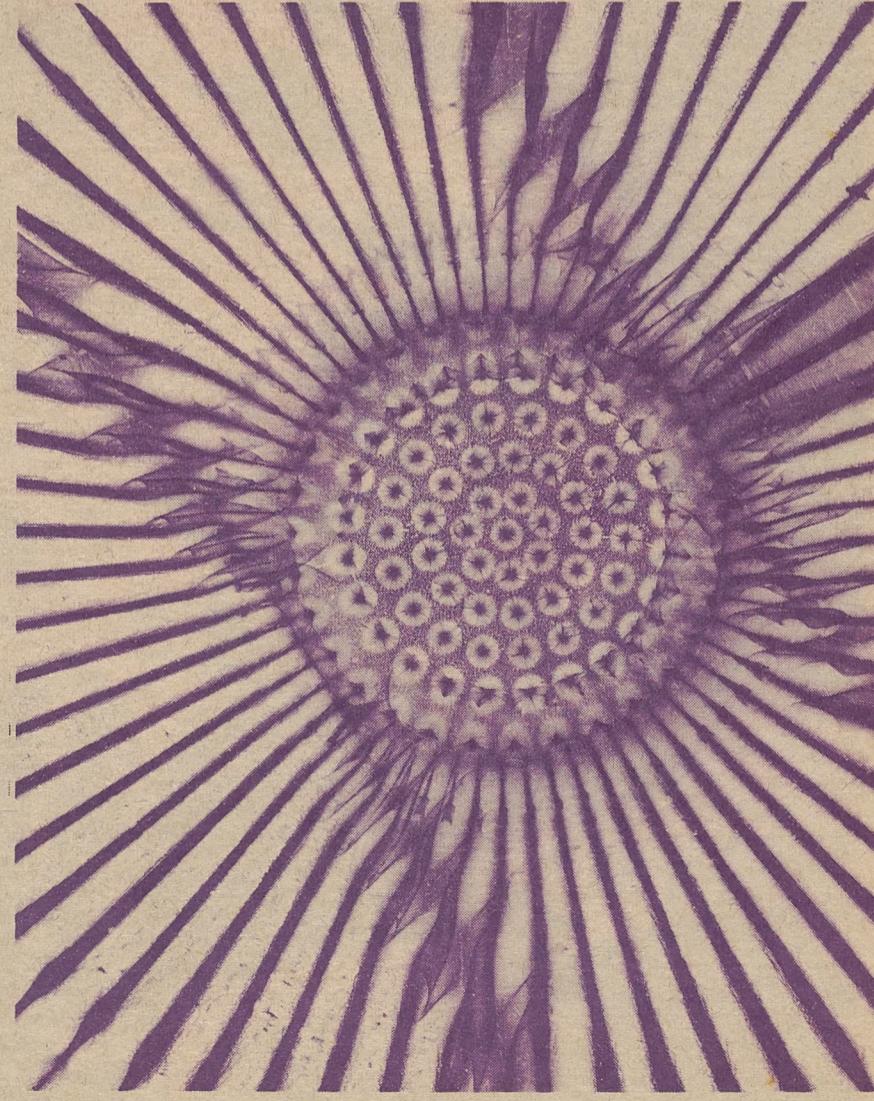
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A FREE POSTER BY TUPPER

POETRY

REVIEWS OF FILM, THEATER,
MUSIC, LITERATURE



photos by Stephen Allen Whealton

woodwind

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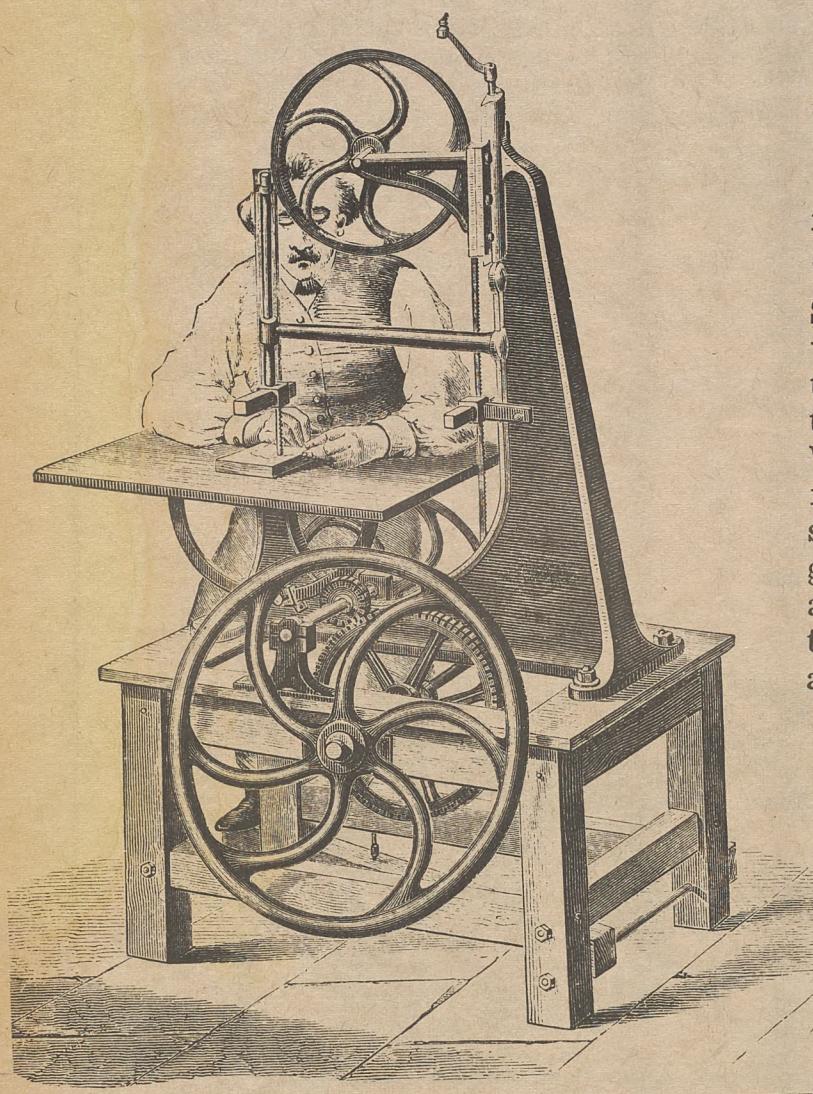
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HELLO

PART
TWO



Well, this is our bi-weekly letter. We are now a free paper. This wasn't our original intention when we published the free introductory copy. But reaction was so good that we've extended it permanently. That means several things. Naturally our circulation is bigger --fantastically. We exist now through advertising, subscriptions, donations and occassional benefits. Advertising, while being our main revenue, will never take over the paper. We are a newspaper, not an advertising journal. Subscriptions are one way of insuring delivery of each issue. It also works as a donation to the paper. (As for donations, if anyone has a large amount of money they would like to rechannel into WOODWIND, please talk to us.) In the future, we plan to have occassional benefits of various kinds (concerts, films, etc.). The double purposes are to provide entertainment at a reasonable price, and then rechannel the income into the newspaper for improvements in both style and circulation. So

So, enjoy the paper and learn from it and teach us and we will all go forward together. A long time ago, we decided that communication was a prerequisite to education and that education was an integral part of our moral evolution. We still believe that. We must all be one family, and there must be a better way than to destroy our sick members. We search in one direction---understanding and creativity. And giving. We suffer the same frustrations and the same anger as others ---but we always try to restructure our ways of thinking towards a more humanistic ideal. WOODWIND is and will remain a reflection of that moral aesthetic.

HELP

We need people to help. Especially to help in distribution to the suburbs. If you are interested, and can volunteer one day every two weeks (usually a Thursday), please call 965-9650. If you have any ideas concerning improvements or things you'd like to see in the paper --let us know. The reader should have a certain stake in the paper he reads. We are open to change. And if you want to write or shoot for us, once again, call. We are open to new people always.

HELLO part 3

If anyone, particularly high school students is in need of help or advice concerning the making of a newspaper, call on us and we can exchange ideas. It would be wonderful to see papers in every type of community. And it can be done. There is a gentility to the printed page that is wonderful to be a part of. Creating a paper is a combination of love and art, and anything we can do to help is gladly done.

HENDRIX

Midnite, cool, cold even black. And one flash
showing all briefly, then out.
A blue dot popping on a black field.
So small so intense
Blinding us dazzling our senses.

We walk away not knowing what hit us. It's gone before
we know it and feel it and understand all that cosmic noise
he tamed--only to unleash again on our unreadiness.

We hardly knew what to do with such monumental gifts. He
took us to some pretty uncomfortable places--near the edge--
you know--close to madness. We've never been there and he
understands it so well.

He fractures the night, exploding the sanity we know and
reassembling it neatly into his experience. He makes you
wonder who was first on the moon.

Unforgettable sounds and stealthy nighttime sounds,
whispering, sounding at first like steel wool or sandpaper
but transforming magically into black silk as it envelopes
you. Chills consume you and you shudder because it is so
foreign, so unique that your ears freeze momentarily not
knowing how to react. But as you listen, you recognize earth
sounds. Not the car horns and telephones but cosmic sounds.
Sounds that envelope noise. Universe sounds. The sound of
unforgettable space. Seen from the abyss. And your time sense
mingles and wanders with it, even flirting at times. But you
come back while he stays there in a non-black, non-white,
borderless world. There are no passports here. The passage
is fragile and delicate and few can bear to make the trip.
(It's noise they say, too much feedback!) Listen--you might
hear your heart beat. Quiet--you might hear your eyes blink.
Can't you feel the heavy veil of his purple haze, looking
through it, half-seeing, hoping for more, fearful of seeing
too much and not being able to come back.

Sweet gypsies, foxey ladies, Jimi's ladies. Not the ladies
we know but electric ladies, guitar ladies, proud slender
And loved. And consumed.

The result? Not fuzz, not feedback but unforgettable
Hendrix. The voodoo child mixing rhythm and blues up,
hearing forbidden love calls from the new white rock.
Is it black, is it soul, is it white, is it rock and
roll? ("Shit, I'm representing everything as far as I'm
concerned," Hendrix said.) Not white, blue or black, but
simply, "Hendrix is Hendrix" said Alvin Lee.

Turning his days into years, his life totals went higher
and higher. The face said thirty when man's records swore
it was twenty. "Three or four worlds went by within the
wink of an eye" Jimi said. And he kept getting higher,
leaving others behind. Then he left behind the world of
dates, ages and 9-5 time sequences and found his own niche.
"Cause I got my own life to live and I ain't gonna copy
you." His involvement in his art carrying him further
than most musicians hope or dare to go. He said, "I just
dedicate my whole life to this whole art . . . you have to
forget what the other people say . . . forget about this
and forget about that . . . when you're supposed to die or
when you're supposed to be living . . . You have to go and
be crazy. That's what they call craziness. Craziness is
like heaven . . . But if you're producing and creating, you
know, you're getting closer to your own heaven."

And if you could relax and feel it take you, just wandering
on the fringes if you couldn't do a whole dose, then entering
for a bit, maybe just a peek. But so many wouldn't or
couldn't or if they could, they would stay within the popular
acclaimed circle of "Foxey Lady" and shut out the rest of
his brilliance. Flashes. Unorthodox flashes. He made his
life revolve in, out, and around these flashes. He knew
most people wouldn't make it and said, "Subconsciously what
all these people are doing, they're killing off all these
flashes that they have." He called it Free Soul. Thinking
and feeling, and seeing and hearing beyond what our senses
can do.

And now the enormous gap his absence gives us. Like every-
thing could fall into it and the earth would close up and we'd
have to start all over again. But we knew he was climbing too
high, higher than we could go--so he either had to come back
down to us or keep going. (Is he gone or did we all just
retreat and actually he's the only one there?)

The notes and sounds won't be the same because the utterly
cosmic force that pushed them on us and made us listen
is not sharing earth sounds with us anymore. So it seems
imperfect. But what is perfect?

Hendrix said, "Perfect is death. Its a physical death.
Termination."

TOMMY, PETE TOWNSHEND & THE KITCHEN SINK

It's about twelve months now since Pete Townshend's opera *Tommy* was released as a double album. The album has inspired cult-like worship — for the religious symbolism in America, more for the musical ability in England. Now it seems that a film of the opera is due to be made, though its stars and makers are yet to be named, and it might be time to reconsider a work which must stand as one of the most important pieces to have emerged from the pop music of the post-Beatles era.

Alfreda Benge, who knows Townshend, attempted to get her thoughts on *Tommy* clarified in her own head. She talked to him at length and has cut his comments with quotes from the opera itself, from William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and with her own evaluation and opinion of *Tommy*.

The result is a mixture of associations discovered and opinions formed during her struggle to clarify to herself what she saw and understood in the opera. Every thought has its imagined echo there.

This article is reprinted from FRIENDS, an arts oriented paper from England.



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'It's a Boy Mrs Walker'

Tommy could said to be born twice, but his story begins at the end of the First World War. The first part of the plot is not made really clear by the songs although it seems important that it should be in order to understand the cause of his afflictions. 'Captain Walker didn't come home... don't expect to see him again'. Mrs Walker gives birth to a son, resigned to the fact that he will never see his father. Tommy is a normal healthy child and nothing much happens until he is about three. By this time his mother has taken a lover. They are in bed together and the lover tells her he's 'got a feeling twenty-one is going to be a good year'. His optimism is shattered by the sudden return of Captain Walker. 'So you think twenty-one is going to be a good year? Townshend: 'He bursts in and sees it all, is very shocked and shoots this guy (who's like a sinister foreigner, a serviceman of some kind). The parents realise what they've done and get worried about Tommy.'

'What about the boy? He saw it all... They start to drum it in to him that he didn't see it...'

'You didn't hear it, you didn't see it. You won't say nothing to no one ever in your life... They insist that nothing happened until Tommy finally goes into a total withdrawal. He is brainwashed to lose belief in the power of his senses. They are no proof of reality, and he surrenders them.'



'The Amazing Journey'

Tommy becomes Deaf, Dumb and Blind, but his life continues. He is isolated from all ordinary sensual experience, and isolated by the inability to communicate and participate in the lives of 'normal people'.

'Deaf Dumb and Blind boy, He's in a quiet vibration land, Strange as it seems his musical dreams, Ain't quite so bad'. In spite of his afflictions he remains alive inside. He is still a target for sensations, which he experiences in a pure form as vibrations and rhythms, like music. 'Each sensation makes a note in my symphony'.

'Whispering silence'... 'Dazzling obscurity', such self-contradictory phrases in mystical literature prove that not conceptual speech, but music rather, is the element through which we are best spoken by mystical truth.'

'All at once a tall stranger I suddenly see... Although Tommy is blind to everything else, for some reason he reacts to his own reflection in a mirror, but his condition alters the way he experiences this visual sensation as well. He doesn't interpret this as his own reflection but as something like a Holy Figure representing a vision of Total Unity. 'He is your leader, and he is your guide, on the amazing journey together you'll ride'.

(William James on Meditation) 'The first thing to be aimed at... the mind's detachment from outer sensations, for these interfere with its concentration upon ideal things. Such manuals as Saint Ignatius's 'Spiritual Exercises' recommend the disciple to expel sensation by a series of efforts to imagine holy scenes. The acme of this kind of discipline would be a semi-hallucinatory mono-ideism — an imaginary figure of Christ, for example, coming fully to occupy the mind...'

Tommy spends years in his 'vibration land', and much time in worship of his 'vision' until, as the opera later illustrates, the moment when he realises that the vision is not a separate thing. This is the turning point of his life.

(William James refers to a man who used meditation to help him at times of crisis) 'He would draw the curtains of privacy so completely about him that he would be as fully enclosed in his own psychic aura... as though he were alone in some primeval wood. Taking his difficulty with him into the mystic silence in the form of a direct question... he would remain utterly passive until the reply came'.

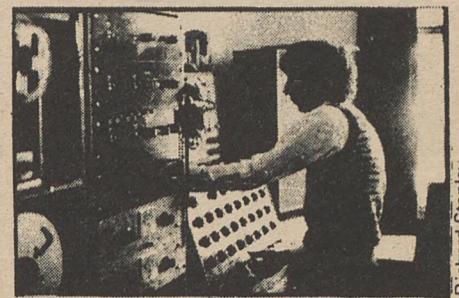
Tommy's 'amazing journey' has a lot in

common with meditation, his turning point is similar to a 'reply' from a divine source, but Tommy is not detached from experiences of the outside world at all. His condition re-channels these experiences but never protects him from their power to affect his wisdom. 'Ten years old, with thoughts as bold as thought can be, Loving life and becoming wise In simplicity'

Townshend: 'When the block first happens he's still very young, and he remains at that child-like level of innocence, but he's still barraged by incredible levels of experience... Because it's a block it makes his family very unsympathetic... they're very cruel to him, and they regard him as a burden...'

Later in the opera the songs describe how his cousin Kevin tortures him, how his uncle Ernie rapes him, and how he is taken to a Gipsy to be given LSD.

Townshend: '... all these incredibly heavy experiences just help to speed up his kind of 'unaffected' development... because although the experiences are very extreme he doesn't get the 'nasty taste'... you know, the affectations that would normally taint these situations. So they speed up his spiritual development, spiritual evolution... in this kind of 'closed up' and pure state.'



Richard Stanley

'Christmas'

'Tommy doesn't know what day it is. Doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is. How can he be saved?'

His family only see him as he appears, they are blind to his spiritual development. There is no sign of life on the physical and mental level that they understand. The only thing he does, that they recognise as an activity, is play pinball. For some strange reason he has learnt to use a pinball machine. But he can share nothing with them, they get no feedback from giving him love. At Christmas the other children show their excitement and react to their presents, but Tommy sits unaware. His father sees no point in trying, not unless he's cured. He is dealing with a foreigner, a pagan, a freak. 'Tommy can you hear me?' Gets no reaction. He gives up trying to communicate. Tommy, meanwhile, is not really aware that he lacks any senses, but is aware that something is missing. This is not felt in terms of wanting to see, to hear, to speak. He wants to be seen. 'See me, Feel me, Touch me, Heal me'.



'Cousin Kevin' and 'Uncle Ernie'

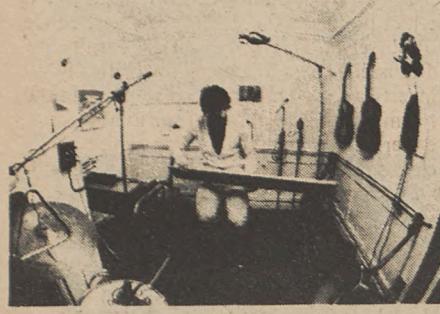
For his family, Love is not a profitable investment, so they find other ways of using him. Cousin Kevin finds he can get some satisfaction from him. 'There's a lot I can do with a freak', 'You won't be much fun being blind deaf and dumb, but I've no one to play with today'. He tests a number of tortures on Tommy. 'Maybe a cigarette burn on your arm would change your expression to one of alarm', 'How would you feel if I turned on the bath, ducked your head under and started to laugh'. He decides to stick pins in his fingers, put glass in his dinner and spikes on his seat.

'... he sought by many devices how he could bring his body into subjection. He wore for a long time a hair shirt and an iron chain, until the blood ran from him... he had made an undergarment, and in it he had strips of leather fixed, into which a hundred and fifty brass nails, pointed and filed sharp, were driven and the points of the nails were always turned towards the flesh...' (from

among the self-inflicted tortures endured by a 14th Century Mystic an extreme example from many illustrations of the need to bring into a detached religious life some soul-building suffering).

'You won't shout as I fiddle about'. Uncle Ernie is glad Tommy won't see or hear him while he gropes around. 'Down with the bedclothes, up with the nightshirt! Fiddle about, Fiddle about!'

Townshend: 'Tommy benefits from everything, from all that happens. The thing with Uncle Ernie, he gets an incredible push forward from it because in his own closed up life he's had no kind of intimate relationship with anyone. He doesn't mistake Uncle Ernie's intentions in any way. He understands, through the kind of feeling of what's going on, that the main motive is one of attraction and that Lust is a kind of lower form of Love... it's breaking down barriers of separateness. He feels this is a big communicative thing, and really feels that someone's trying to get through to him... so he gets a lot out of this'



'The Acid Queen'

'She's got the power to heal you, never fear. Just a word from her lips and the deaf begin to hear'. Tommy is taken to a Gipsy who says she can cure him with LSD.

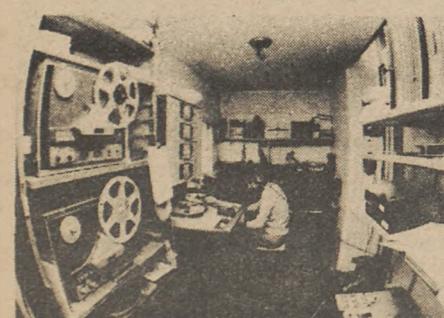
Townshend: 'The Acid thing is meant to be much broader... it's meant to work in other ways as well. In Rock and Roll songs you have to capsule things in minor events, even though you're trying to explain whole chunks of life. This particular song is about that part of his life where you do teenage "exploratory things", going through the period of being fairly daring. "Gather your wits and hold on fast, your mind must learn to roam, Just as the Gipsy Queen must do, You're gonna hit the road". The gipsy is laying it on him, very heavy... She's had her good trips and her bad trips, and she's laying these experiences on him... he's going to "hit the road", he's going to find out what it's all about. This happens to people quite a lot in their life... it happens when you first go to school or when you first meet a girl, or get into a fight, or join a gang. At each stage you're told "Right, this is where it's at".'

'My work is done now, look at him, He's never been more alive, His head it shakes, His fingers clutch, Watch his body writhe'. The Gipsy's preconceptions of what he should be feeling don't get through to Tommy however. He is safe from second hand experiences imposed by others.

Townshend: 'The Gipsy thinks he's going through a terrible scene, but after the song comes this incredible dream sequence passage, (Underture), where he just "planes" along. This is him on his trip, and it's a very moving, emotional, very big thing... and very good, not at all what she thinks. She thinks she's really laying it on him and probably doing him in, but it doesn't work out like that.'

'He gets an incredible experience from acid, but it's an anti-drug song from an objective view, it's meant to make the Gipsy look bad, but not the effects.'

No one has been able to tell Tommy how to feel or how to react, so all his experiences have been beneficial to his inner life. The motives of the people that caused them were unquestionable, and the experiences were not happy, but are adding up to endow him with qualities of saintliness which his protected innocence has made possible. Somehow this has broken through to others, a special quality is becoming apparent to the outside world and is demonstrated in a way that they can understand and applaud. He plays pinball better than anyone else.



'Pinball Wizard'

'Ever since I was a young boy I've played the silver ball... But I ain't seen anything like him in any amusement hall. That deaf, dumb and blind kid sure plays a mean pin ball.'

Townshend: 'The pinball thing happens by accident, but it's supposed to be an accident'

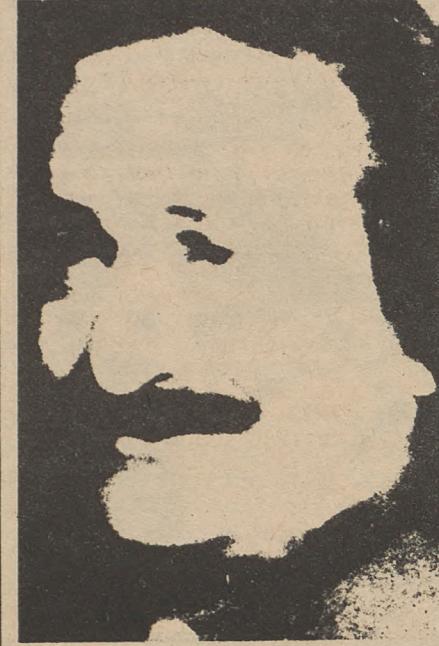
which in a way is the only thing in it tied up with any 'mysterious events' in that it capsules his future life... his future role as a kind of Teacher, as a Master'.

'he stands like a statue, becomes part of the machine...'

'an athlete sometimes awakens suddenly to an understanding of the fine points of the game and to a real enjoyment of it, just as the convert awakens to an appreciation of religion. If he keeps on... there may come a day when all at once the game plays itself through him... In the same way the musician... in some moment of inspiration becomes the instrument through which the music flows...'

'how do you think he does it? I don't know...'

Townshend: 'he finds out how to play pinball very simply, just wanders into a place and starts to play. Suddenly he finds people patting him on the back, people becoming constant companions. He gets real affection out of this from these young kids that hang around him and dig him because he's young and becomes very famous, because he gets these incredible scores. He actually plays it like a musical instrument, because his world is totally musical... all the vibrations that he feels come across as rhythms and music. It's a play on this mystical thing about vibrations. He plays pinball like that and pulls better scores because he's playing it without hang ups, totally rhythmically, totally all-involved with it. So he becomes very famous, and starts to get real companionship and affection from other people.'



'Go to the Mirror'

Another attempt is made to cure Tommy. A doctor tests all his senses and finds that his reactions are normal, nothing medicine can do will help him. 'All hope lies with him, and not with me... no machine can give the kind of stimulation needed to remove his inner block'. His mother has always been aware that something happens to him when he stands in front of a mirror. She doesn't know that he can see himself. 'I often wonder what he's feeling. What is happening in his head?'

Townshend: 'He's looking in the mirror gazing at his own reflection in total devotion and worship...'

'Listening to you I get the music, Gazing at you I get the heat, Following you I climb the mountain, I get excitement at your feet.'

Townshend: 'Although he's only seeing himself, he's really seeing Everything... and what's got to happen before he can become that Everything is he's got to lose his feeling that that over there is an isolated thing, that thing is a reflection, or is somebody else. He's got to realise that that is actually him, he's got to stop worshipping That and become It.'

'When the sense of estrangement fencing man about in a narrowly limited ego, breaks down, the individual finds himself at one with all creation'. He lives in the universal life; he and man, he and nature, he and god are one. That state of confidence, trust, union with all things, following upon the achievement of moral unity, is the 'Faith State'.'

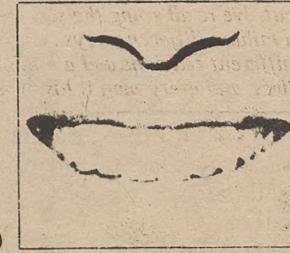
'It's a symbolic thing in a way, the mirror, the breach between him realising what he is and him realising what everything is. But instead of getting sidetracked into just getting his own sight and hearing and speech back, he gets Everything together, in one huge thing... because of the total concentration of unpoluted experience that he goes through as a boy. Emotional occasions, especially violent ones, are extremely potent in precipitating mental rearrangements.'

'After they've seen the doctor, they are at home and Tommy's mother gets particularly angry at his mirror gazing. He's in the middle of this worshipping thing 'Right behind you I see the millions, On you I see the Glory... when she just lurches up and smashes the mirror... and this kind of sucks him into

the realisation of what that reflection is... and as the pieces fall, he sees the reflection remaining on the pieces falling to the ground, and the universe... everything all rushing in. Obviously with this kind of divinity comes the loss of all normal sickness, so automatically he gets back his normal human sight and hearing and ability to speak... all in that instant. This is the moment of him becoming divine, completely God realised. This is the instant of him becoming at one with Eternity.'

'When to himself his form appears unreal, as do on waking all the forms he sees in dreams; when he has ceased to hear the many, he may discern the one—the inner sound which kills the outer... For then the soul will hear, and will remember. And then the inner ear will speak the voice of the silence... and now thy Self is lost in self, Thyself unto thyself merged in that self from which thou first didst radiate... Behold! thou hast become the Light, thou hast become the Sound, thou art thy Master and thy God. Thou art thyself the object of thy search: the voice unbroken, that resounds throughout eternities, exempt from change, from sin exempt, the seven sounds in one, the Voice of the Silence.'

(H. P. Blavatsky 'The Voice of the Silence')



'Sensation'

Townshend: 'He feels himself as he is, as a totally god-realised person— as Everything—and just speaks the truth when he says "I overwhelm as I approach you, make your lungs hold breath inside", he feels his magnificence. This is a self-worshipping song, "You'll feel me coming, A new vibration, From afar you'll see me, I'm a sensation".' 'I leave a trail of rooted people mesmerised by just the sight, The few I touch are now disciples, Love as One I Am the Light.' The Miracle Cure makes Tommy even more famous, he attracts more and more disciples and is treated like the Messiah. Why doesn't he manage to enlighten them?'

Townshend: 'People find out about him and the way he became divine, they find out about his experiences as a child and his afflictions, they find out how incredibly perfect he is now and that his life is just like a Dream come True, and they want to be like him. But they want to be like him on a physical level and a mental level, not just spiritually.'

What are disciples after?

Townshend: 'They want results, don't they?... They want rules and regulations... they want to get somewhere. I think that the disciples at the Pinball stage, for example, wanted the glamour, wanted the goodies. And they wanted to be in Tommy's presence because Tommy was a kind of electric figure, and a famous figure. Later on they're his disciples because... they're really demanding to be. They rather regard him as their property, like people always do. They always think that if there's a Messiah on earth, "Oh he must have come for me"... so they obviously expect him to come knocking round and say "Oh by the way, I'm the Messiah, just came to pick you up"... This is what the disciples in this thing expected... and this is what most disciples are all about.'



'Sally Simpson'

Sally is big fan, and goes to one of Tommy's meetings. The place is 'swinging with gospel music', and she gets more and more nervous as 'group after group appear on the stage'. At last a blazer clad D.J. announces Tommy. 'The crowd went crazy as Tommy hit the stage, Little Sally got lost as the police bossed the crowd back in a rage'. As Tommy reads the lesson, 'Sally just had to let him know she loved him', and she rushes on stage to touch him. An official immediately throws her off and she's taken away in an ambulance as 'blood trickled down, mingling with her tears'.

Was it inevitable that she should get hurt? Townshend: '... she gets lost in a way, she loses the point of focussing love on him, because of sexual frustrations towards him,

material frustrations. She wants to possess him, rather than find herself via him... and this is the price. Because she wants to possess him and can't, she becomes violent and desperately tries to touch him, whereupon she gets hurt.'

'She picked up a book of her father's life and threw it on the fire'. Sally's father had told her not to go to the meeting, but she went in spite of him. Her mother however, although she knew it wasn't going to do her any good, didn't discourage her. 'Your part is to be what you'll be'.

Was she a wise mother?

Townshend: 'She's a wise mother... In a way this is a play on the thing about kids always thinking their parents are cunts, you know. A lot of the basic proverbs of life, and basic bits of parental advice are so true! on a spiritual level. "Just go your own way", "Only look after Number One". Physically it's a very selfish thing to say "Well I only look after Number One", but spiritually it's a very valid thing because there's nothing you can do for other people spiritually. You're your own path and you can't do anything for anyone else, this is why preaching is such a waste of time.'



Chris Morphet

'I'm Free'

Why does Tommy preach? 'I'm free, and freedom tastes of reality... I'm free, and I'm waiting for you to follow me'.

Townshend: 'How can we follow?' They scream at the end of this song... They want his freedom, they want his knowledge of reality, and very weary he tells them how he did it.

But what he's really saying is that they shouldn't be following him, but if they insist then they can but it's not really going to get them anywhere and he knows this.'

'If I told you what it takes to reach the highest high, You'd laugh and say nothing's that simple. But you've been told many times before, Messiah's pointed to the door, but no-one had the guts to leave the temple'.

Townshend: 'I've always felt that what history's Messiahs have had to say has been basically a very hard policy. He's saying leave the ceremonies, leave the church, leave all the bullshit and get yourself together. But no-one's got the guts to, they have to cling to things like this. Eventually they build a huge religion around him which he doesn't want, but which he can't stop. He's not got any control over man, despite his power...'



'Welcome'

'Come to this house, be one of us.'

By inviting them to his house, isn't he encouraging them to have a church?

Townshend: 'This happens when he's just started to become "humanly" involved... with the first rush of people coming to him to ask how they can follow. People are thronging round him, so he's offering them his hospitality, and finding them things to do, "Have parties, have fun etc." It's a kind of Limbo time, when he knows that they're not going to be sent away, so rather than make himself into a big kind of "red herring", he invites them in and allows them to be in his presence... in a pleasant way— "Milkman come in, and you Baker, Little Old Lady welcome..."'

—because he's totally aware that all these people around him want to become part of what he has become part of, universal consciousness and awareness, and this is what they're there for. But they are very slow and miss chances and constantly take backward

steps. But then it starts to get out of hand, and they have to start building extensions and everybody cries 'Spare no expense!' and suddenly it's a huge Holiday camp, and everyone wears uniforms, and the whole thing becomes like a sort of crazy modern religion.'



'Tommy's Holiday Camp'

'Good morning campers, I'm your Uncle Ernie and I welcome you to Tommy's Holiday Camp... When you come to Tommy's, the holiday's forever'.

Townshend: 'It was Keith Moon's idea to have a Holiday Camp at the end. I was thinking of something like a huge house—something nearer a church, but he said 'a Holiday Camp, man'... and it was so right, to have a huge holiday camp with people thinking they're going on a fucking holiday... 'We're going to Heaven on a fucking holiday'. The whole thing—it was perfect. Who's fault is it that it gets corrupt like that?

'It's supposed to happen over quite a long period of time... and it's not a total dig at the Church, it's trying to emphasize the pathos of the Church. It's a real medium for helping people on any spiritual path while at the same time being able to live life, but rather the Church functions by taking people away from life and giving them an alternative... which doesn't get them anywhere. This is what the holiday camp is. Tommy's tried to keep them occupied, but it gets completely out of hand. They're attracted to him like flies, when they see him they are aware of what they want to be—but they don't want to face up to their own lives, and the fact that some of their lives are perhaps a little bit tedious or unhappy, that possessions don't make them happy for long. They want to focus their attention on something which is going to give them a kind of blindness to these things... and some sort of short cut.'

They think they can achieve what Tommy has achieved by using his way. They make themselves artificially deaf dumb and blind and play pinball. 'Put in your ear plugs, Put on your eyeshades, and you know where to put the cork'.



'We're not gonna take it!'

'Hey, you getting drunk, so sorry I've got you sussed. Hey, you smoking mother nature, this is a bust.'

If rules don't work for other people, why is Tommy making judgements like this?

Townshend: 'He's being frank... he's been taken up to this point of being put on the spot. He's laying down simple moral rules, because they're there and they're trying to build lives. So he's laying down some basic precepts which to him are very important—that if you want to follow me, you mustn't get hung up on being the boy next door, if you want to follow me. The only thing that you must do, is kind of 'focus' on me.'

'We're not gonna take it, never did and never will'.

By this time the song is the revolution. It's the end of the dream for the people... and this is the first inkling, the whispering 'We're not gonna take it'. They're getting fed up with the earplugs and the eyeshades... it's not fun any more, and Tommy's getting hard, he's making rules. They wanted rules, but now he's making them they decide to rebel against something which they themselves put up. Again it's meant to emphasize the pathos of the Church, people knocking down what they themselves built up—only to build up something similar again, another

time.

'Here comes Uncle Ernie, to guide you to your very own machine. Pinball was Tommy's way, but what he's trying to emphasize is that you've got to be guided to your own way, to your own machine. 'Get back to your own life, because you're not going to do it by re-living mine.' They've completely missed the point and they're saying 'We're not gonna take it, we don't want any religion, and we're not gonna take you, and we forsake you and we're fucking off out'. And 'We forsake you and we're the point of the final insult, of actually forgetting him altogether.'

'We forsake you, Gonna rape you, Let's forget you better still'.

He becomes completely out of control... and in the last part of the opera in fact he is so remote that he eventually sings 'See me, Feel me, Touch me, Heal me, again.' They aren't any nearer to him than they were when he was deaf dumb and blind. It's an ending which leaves things exactly as they were at the beginning... it takes you nowhere. Even Tommy doesn't really change... only the illusion is taken away and the reality is left. That's everyone. The point really is that, whatever one does, you have to go through what is meant for you to go through. You have to go through your normal channel of life in order to, step by step, knock down barriers which are in front of you—experience experiences which are important to you, and there's NO short cut. We're all going the same way but there's a million different ways... and a million different religions and a million different lives, and every man is his own kind of Way.



'Epilogue: Mainly the Kitchen Sink'

'It's a Boy, Mrs Walker, it's a Boy'

Pete Townshend was responsible for the birth of two people last year. If his daughter Emma were christened she might hear this hymn:

'O Father bless thy Children
Brought hither to thy gate
Lift up their fallen nature
Restore their lost estate
Renew Thine Image in them
And own them by this sign
Thy very sons and daughters
New born of birth Divine'

Every prime minister, murderer, saint, artist, genius, fascist dictator, champion jockey and pinball wizard was once a baby. Every baby is potentially more good, more evil, more remarkable than he will become. Being extraordinary doesn't always lead to worthiness, but it is impossible to be complete without being original, and being original will be extraordinary, so that risk must be accepted. Perhaps this risk is too great for most of us—at some stage our courage is inhibited and we renounce half of what we are born to expect. Unless something 'magic' happens our spirit dies. Some of us will stumble across a path that keeps us wholly alive, but most of us will forget that we aren't. A six-year-old describes her painting as 'The whole world, and everything in it'. When she's a thirty-six-year-old she won't remember she once painted the whole world, she'll have forgotten that she ever painted anything. In most of us there remains an unease, a vague memory that there was more to expect, and sometimes that unease inspires the search for a way to resolve it.

Just after Emma was born Pete Townshend

finished creating Tommy. He was conceived about two years ago and much effort was undergone before he was presented to the world. In that two years however, Pete had determined a whole life. He became destiny for Tommy, directing his particular search and allowing him to resolve the unease. Townshend: 'Quite simply, I wanted to map out, musically and lyrically, the life of someone from birth to god-realisation. Plus, musically and lyrically, explain in just normal physical terms the magnificence and magnitude of that actual instant'. That 'actual instant' is described by a clergyman in William James book 'The Varieties of Religious Experience'

'... My soul opened out as it were, into the Infinite, and there was a rushing together of the two worlds, the inner and the outer. It was deep calling unto deep—the deep that my own struggle had opened up within being answered by the unfathomable deep without, reaching beyond the stars... it is impossible fully to describe the experience. It was like the effect of some great orchestra when all the separate notes have melted into one swelling harmony that leaves the listener conscious of nothing save that his soul is being wafted upwards bursting with its own emotion...'

You can't interpret it, if you could it would be a lot easier to attain... but what I'm trying to do as a composer is to create the incredible... AWE... of that instant, the importance of that instant to everyone... Not including myself, because working towards trying to explain that musically has a lot of feedback on a spiritual level. It's a direct grappling with a spiritual problem... I still want to be able to do that, create the awe of that instant. I definitely haven't done it.

'Heavens, how can I speak of it?... human words cannot attain to express the inexpressible...'

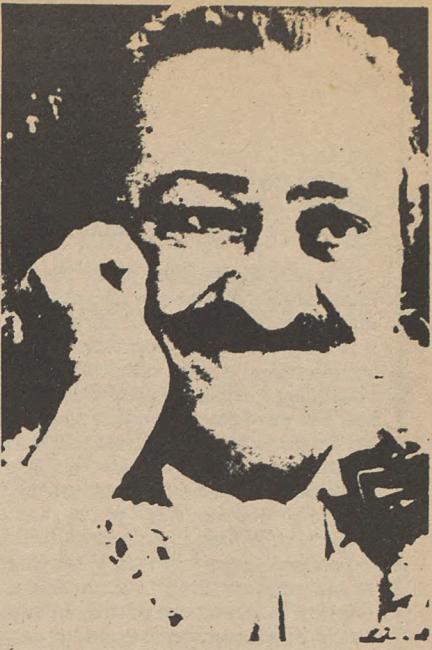
I've done it... by missing it out. I've done a big section of events leading up to, and a big section of events leading away from... kind of turning themselves inward on The Event. Like a film about a murder that's too gruesome to actually witness on the screen, so you get the events leading up to it and the events leading away from it, making a far bigger thing out of the event of the murder than if you'd actually watched it.

'Better than if I saw them I felt those hidden things, I felt them by the inexplicable effects they produce in me. It all happened in my interior mind...'



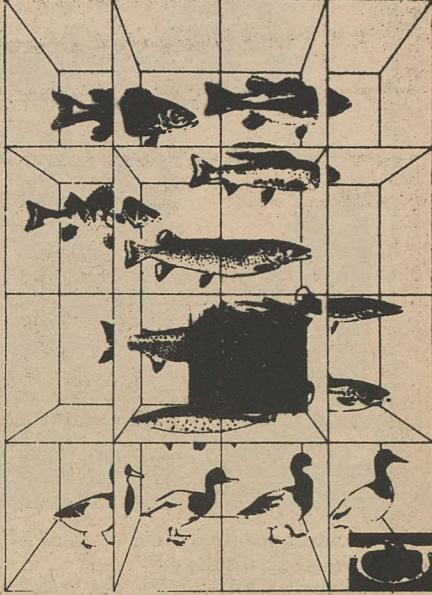
'Tommy doesn't know what day it is—doesn't know who Jesus was or what praying is'

I remember my last encounter with God. I was eight, having doubts but wanting miracles to be true. 'If you make my blue T-shirt red before I count twenty-five I promise I'll believe in you for ever'. He didn't oblige, and from then on I took great pleasure in making people nervous with my blasphemies, and felt very superior to be able to say 'there's no such thing as God'. Those who were paid to supply my 'religious education' made many attempts to make me SEE REASON, speaking on what they understood as my own terms. But Reason was quite the wrong language. I now realise I was being touched by something spiritual, and this happened through religious music. St. Matthew's Passion, The Messiah, a few hymns, certain carols, The Magnificat... these were all communicating in a language I had no defence against.



'Good Morning Campers'

We have been conditioned very hard to reject the irrational, to accept a limited view of ourselves. Mystical experience isn't discussed unless it is being scientifically investigated. Nice simple reasons are found for miracles, and personal spiritual experience is an embarrassing topic. The clergy themselves find it embarrassing and are desperately trying to disguise all the naive dramatic unscientific ingredients of traditional religious language. From their T.V. pulpits they litter their parables with horney chat full of comfey similes. 'Losing the key for the sardine can', 'being at a cocktail party', anything, from laying lino to wearing odd socks, which won't seem out of place after the commercials, is used to protect religion from the stigma of not belonging to This world.



'Deaf Dumb and Blind Boy'
'Heavens, how can I speak of it'

All personal accounts of revelations and spiritual enlightenment stress the impossibility of describing them. When they try to do so, there is almost always some reference to the natural senses, sight, touch, hearing, or to what they control, light, dark, silence, sound. All religious literature is full of these references. Although this was probably blatantly obvious to a lot of people it wasn't until I'd heard 'TOMMY' that I became aware of this. The words were jumping out from nearly every page.

'All that I can say is that in an instant the bandage had fallen from my eyes; and not one bandage only but the manifold of bandages in which I had been brought up... I came out as from a sepulchre, from an abyss of darkness and I was living, perfectly living'

Townshend: The big problem I suffered with first, when I first got the idea for the opera and the life of 'a divine cat' was that I couldn't get enough multiple meanings. I couldn't get enough space... Somehow making him blind deaf and dumb gave me incredible space. This is why I chose it

'If we look on man's whole mental life as it exists... the part of it which rationalism can account for is relatively superficial. It has the prestige because it can challenge you for proofs, and chop logic, and put you down with words. But it will fail to convince you or convert you, if you dumb intuitions cannot agree.'

Townshend: So much has emerged through the writing of the thing, it started off to mean one thing, but it's ended up meaning several things... It can be taken as a social thing, deaf dumb and blind like the man in modern society... his remoteness... his insistence that his Way is completely correct... It's a totally plastic thing, it wasn't built to be, it just turned out like that.

(From the Oxford Dictionary among definitions of blind, deaf, dumb) Dumb millions—the populace... Dumb



agony - no expressed in words . . . / . . . Dumb - silent from embarrassment . . . / . . . Blind alley - occupation, inquiry etc. that leads to nothing beyond . . . / . . . Blind flying - flying without sight of ground or guidance from wireless signals . . . / . . . Blind hitting - mechanical, not ruled by purpose . . . / . . . Turn a deaf ear to - disregard . . . / . . . Blind to - cannot appreciate . . . /

It is very shortsighted of the clergy to bring religion down to earth at a time when magic is really needed. People are looking for it in drugs, astrology, spiritualism, meditation, eastern religions, love cults, numerology, black magic, white magic, psychotherapy, etc. The examples are endless and many of the irrelevancies of organised religion are re-created, new rituals, new creeds, new securities. But one rarely hears of the totally inspiring revelation that Tommy, and the subjects of Williams James Book have experienced except in Case Histories of mental patients. In fact the immediate reaction to an account of such an experience would be a recommendation to see a shrink. To the individual the event would be the most Real thing in his life, to a doctor it would be a symptom of his disease. Backed by Science most psychiatrists treat extraordinary experience as psychotic or neurotic, and not content with just calling it mad, they devalue their experience even further by attributing it solely to a disturbance of the balance of body chemicals and nothing to do with a 'mind'. They understand sanity as only what is normal, and when they find proof of abnormal experience their automatic reaction is to try and eliminate the capacity for such experience. They must cure it, and free the 'patient' of his burden, even if it means removing part of his brain.



'Sickness will surely take the mind where minds can't usually go'
All saints have gland disorders, visions are only pink elephants, and ghosts are just 'a door banging', or the wishful thinking of those who are too egotistical to believe they can die, or the delusions of those whose body chemicals fool them into imagining that they are aware of a Truth unseen by the physical senses.

'We speak of 'feverish fancies' disparagingly, 103 or 104 degrees Fahrenheit might be a much more favourable temperature for truths to germinate than ordinary blood heat'.

Many of our acknowledged Saints would be cluttering up hospital wards if they lived now. Their revelations have been diagnosed by various soul butchers as epileptic fits, hysteria, etc. Tommy's afflictions would get him written off as a loony vegetable. Townshend: *'In a way we're getting a sneak preview of what probably happened to people like St. Francis . . . people who were normal men, but suddenly in their life . . . WHAM . . . went through the whole 'Everything' . . . and eventually disappeared . . . and you just get the feeling that they're not with us any more . . . (Laughter)'*



'Pinball Wizard'
'Eric Clapton is God'
Music is probably the most potent source of spiritual experience that exists at the moment. It can be strong enough to make you totally belong to it, you lose yourself in it . . . your body is transformed or ceases to exist, either it vanishes into the music or the music invades and becomes your body. You experience it totally, you are making it.

A musician is worshipped because he can provide a mystical experience.

'The two main phenomena of religion, melancholy and conversion, are also phenomena of adolescence . . . a time when both the mental and sexual life are growing' . . . 'Theology takes the adolescent tendencies and builds on them . . .'

if his audience are also sexually attracted to him, that doesn't have to devalue the experience. Although the level of experience rarely is a mystical one in these 'down to earth' days, music has more effect on the feelings associated with the spirit, on more people than probably anything else in our hemisphere. Regardless of critical opinion on the merit or otherwise of the music, whatever is needed seems to emerge, and the effect that their chosen kind of music has on its listeners varies according to what kind of feelings they can or want to have. If people choose a piece of music it is because they respond to it and this makes criticism irrelevant. The fact that they choose apparently shallow things is a sad fact, but their response is realer than it would be with 'better' music that they didn't identify with.



Those that don't respond to any part of 'pop' (for lack of other words) music complain about a lack of intellectual content or technical merit. Apart from being in many cases untrue, this is also irrelevant. Much of it connects with the 'essential inarticulate spirit' inside us in a way that only something so much a part of its time allows. Its impermanence, its constant change keeps alive this ability to connect. Each new need is provided for, from within, making its own music and finding its own heroes to identify with. The results of one generation's needs co-exist with those of another generation, but are never imposed on the new one.

The live performance provides extra opportunities for a kind of spiritual response. The musicians have to get through to each other and through to the audience, and the audience send back their response. All of them together become responsible for the music. If the audience believes that Eric Clapton is God, he is likely to play like God. The atmosphere of emotional excitement that happens at a performance by the Who, when the elements are mutually encouraging, feels much more like a meeting where our spirit is being felt and praised than any usual religious meeting.

'Tommy' is not really any more about religion than their performances are, it's simply a story that illustrates what its music is about, written by someone who is aware that there is more to being alive than we lead ourselves to expect. That statement is of course just my opinion.



Townshend: *'There's not a song there that hasn't been recorded twice, and not one that hasn't been re-written three or four times before it was ever recorded, and not one that hasn't had two or three demos made for it. And yet still there's lumps missing, bits of double meaning, of failure . . . where the music is too big for the lyric, where the lyric isn't well enough supported musically, where both the music and the lyric fail and cancel each other out . . . It works on so many different levels, and with something this big you just can't control it. But I do think, that if I could control it perfectly I would have failed perfectly. Because, just like the opera says, if I was communicating perfectly the way I felt about my spiritual thing to other people it would only serve to give them a 'red herring', it wouldn't help them in any way. What really should happen is for me to entertain, and illustrate something which is going to make their lives more pleasant.'*

Copyright 'Words and Pictures'

MES SAGE

for David

THE SNOWLAND (or, UNCAGED SILENCE)

All morning it has rained, coming down softly and quietly on top of the snow. I sit looking out a window, remembering a morning like this seven years ago. I watch large water droplets forming on dark moving branches against a grey sky And I am alone again, as then, and no one comes to comfort me. Earlier today the dog drowned; he went under the ice of the lake.

2.
The mist rises from the forest floor; the rain has stopped this morning, taking its leave for how long I do not know. My mind wanders, and when I look into the greyness, I see a man there and bid him to come in out of the cold. His eyes have the softness of brown winter leaves. My look holds his with the silver thread of silence.

3.
Sorrow fell in the feathered snow the third day; I would have gently touched your hand, Kissed your forehead, but dared not move and could nothing say.

Hushed songs of birds along our path, your hair snow-dusted, walking in the quietude. The whiteness drifted high by the seventh day, cuddled to the earth like doves.

You are in winter as an eternal flame, the room around alive with your warmth; Squirrels leap among cobweb branches, new grass lies in wait of Spring.

4.
How can I speak of it, when the very words I would upon my tongue uncage are called Silence?
it is in despair and longing that I seek to shatter the glass - barrier.
The heart in winter desolation & and bitter cold begins flight from life; takes its leave from all wishes. Last hopes fight for wakefulness. Sleep stands off.
White-winged horse of eternity come soon, I ask of you.
Fly quickly through the galaxies of the night, step into the dawn, carry me to a far land, & let me sleep.

5.
The snows are soft roses in my sleep, dawn sunbeams in gold and pink, where alone I stand with saucer-eyes. God smiles gently from the azure dome around, touches my face with sun and leaves me to my dreams.
Across the oceans of pastel-crystals I gaze in wonderment, at peace with all, spirit unbound, I move about not with steps, but as some bit of mist, here, then there, as I will, amongst the shafts of sunlight, within the perfection of zero.

6.
Northern forests stand silvery & lean far across the Snowland Like frost-green foothills, frozen ferns, beneath white castles in the sky; It is there that I shall go?
Slowly I turn in the rainbow light And there are you, coming towards me through the radiance, without sound & with phoenix eyes prisms of color glinting and glimmering within me

I touch your forehead softly with a kiss
And I am gone
And I am...

DENISE GLENN



THEATER

SYMBOLISM IS ALIVE AND WELL AND
C. P. SNOW IS IN THE SADDLE
Washington Theater Club-

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds is one of the most singularly innocuous plays I have seen in some time. I find it incredible that a presumably serious playwright (Drama Critics Circle Award for Best American Play of 1970???) should aspire to the sentimentality of "The Subject Was Roses" or "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn". (Of course, if that's your genre you'll love it. The few Capitol Hill secretaries I know will emerge from the theater BREATHLESS and gasping, "Ooo... Heavy.")

There's more than enough there to make a relatively decent--honest-- if by now conventional play, but God knows what Paul ("I am told I am born a playwright") Zindel does with it. The lonely and somewhat misanthropic mother with her one half-crazed and one brilliant daughter, and senile boarder are characters enough for the most moving of dramas. Only occasionally, however, is the sincerity one might anticipate achieved. In those few instances where it is, I am more inclined to give credit to the competence of so fine an actress as Helena Carroll than to the insights of Zindel. (Generalizations are of course dangerous. Hitler did like dogs.)

The plot is a simple one. Tillie, the sensitive and younger daughter enters the High School Science Fair with an exhibit entitled of all things The Effect-etc. (TEOGROMITMM), and ultimately wins. The family's reaction moves from indifference to pride and finally to withdrawal, the mother obsessed with her plans to convert her boarding house nursing home to a tea room, and Ruth (the older daughter) driven mad again by the mother's rejection. The play ends as it began, with Tillie pondering the wonders of life, the universe and the atom.

Which I find sloppy enough in itself, but on the metaphoric levels to which Zindel attempts to take it, morally repugnant.

Sensitivity is equated with a virtual retreat to the abstractions of science. I find it incredible that a man living at this time in history can still find himself carried to a rhapsodic lyricism at the wonders of atomic mutations. Ignoring the pathos of the family which surrounds this charming child, Tillie is shown growing bigger and better and every way. The age of reason reigns yet; trust in technology. No doubt it is the greater honesty which Zindel sees in theater demanding of him, which enables him as writer to ignore the implications of the Bomb, of Freud, of the twentieth century.

But the author is clearly not satisfied with his resurrection of CP Snow. He is intent too on saddling symbolism and putting that old gentleman in the saddle.

Explaining her exhibit at the Science Fair, Tillie elaborates on the difference between the three flowers. The one stunted and shriveled has been too close to the source of radiation. The second is normal. And the third, which has been only partially exposed to the radiation, is luxuriant, with larger and lovelier blooms. Then, suddenly, it hits you. This whole thing is a metaphor for the life of the family. WOW.

The mother Beatrice is the source of the energy. Ruth has come too close and has been stunted. Shy lovely Tillie is wonderous mutant only partially exposed to the radiation. Which is a nice enough idea in isolation but almost uniquely callous in ignoring the pain and anguish of Beatrice, the mother, and Ruth.

Individually each of the characters is interesting. It is a rarely talented cast. Helena Carroll as Beatrice, Fran Brill as Ruth, Francesca James as Tillie all bring admirable skills and characterizations to their parts. Patricia Pearcy is delightful in her cameo role as Janice Vickery. Marie Carroll trembles more or less credibly as Nanny.

TC Behrens' sets and lighting are perfectly suited both to the play presented and the one we might have hoped had been written. The direction strikes me as overly stylized. Difficult, if not impossible as it is to overcome the inadequacies of the script, a more immediate and volatile direction could well have given the production more life.

DAVID EVANS



9

Fortune and Men's Eyes, John Herbert's powerful and terrifying play about prison life, is the Back Alley Theatre's current offering. If you are in the market for a brutal and relevant theatre experience, perhaps you might wander out to 1365 Kennedy Street, N. W., and have a look.

In fact, it's probably something you should make a point of. Because, quite simply, Fortune and Men's Eyes is a play that should be seen. It has something to say and, as is Back Alley custom, this production is pointed at making sure the message hits home. Plus, the production is a solid and alive one. Mark Mason's keenly intuitive direction has produced a show that is shocking, moving and entertaining all at the same time. Without falling low to what could easily be a maudlin strain in the script, he has paid attention to its more tender elements, refusing to subordinate them to the more sensational qualities. And what has happened is that he has rightly ended up with a show that speaks, not only through violent emotion, but also with humor and a gentle pathos.

The ensemble -- despite the fact that, in general, Mr. Mason has seen to a lively pace and smooth development -- at times, doesn't function as the tight unit it should. An occasional off-sense of timing, focus, or line interpretation, yields some ineffectual, blurred dramatic moments. However, balancing this off, are those moments on both individual and ensemble performance levels, that come close to sheer brilliance.

Jon Wildes, as the queen-in-residence of the cell, is vibrant and commanding. He does, at times, have a tendency to overplay -- but, while his scene-stealing may detract from his fellow actors, it doesn't from his audience's enjoyment. His camp, comic, cunning, and sometimes cruel portrayal of Queenie is one of the highlights of the show. David Evans -- as the cheap hood, Rocky -- gives a performance that, although sometimes lacking in discipline and control, is well-conceived and believable. His rendition of the bravado-type heavy is appropriately surly and menacing, but still conveys the pathetic insecurity that lies underneath. Richard Harmel, playing the important central role of Smitty, gives a terse, stunning and powerful performance. He proficiently handles Smitty's difficult transitions -- the gradual dehumanizing process wreaked by more jaded cell-mates and the institution itself on the first time offender, robbing him of innocence, sensitivity, conscience, and hope. Samuel D. Love, as Mona -- the pitiable poetic, bookish homosexual tortured by both himself and his surroundings -- is largely inhibited in his performance. But, even so, he emanates a sort of quiet intensity that is absorbing, and -- at the times when he manages to overcome his self-consciousness -- he comes across with a soft and touching characterization that will probably tear your heart out.

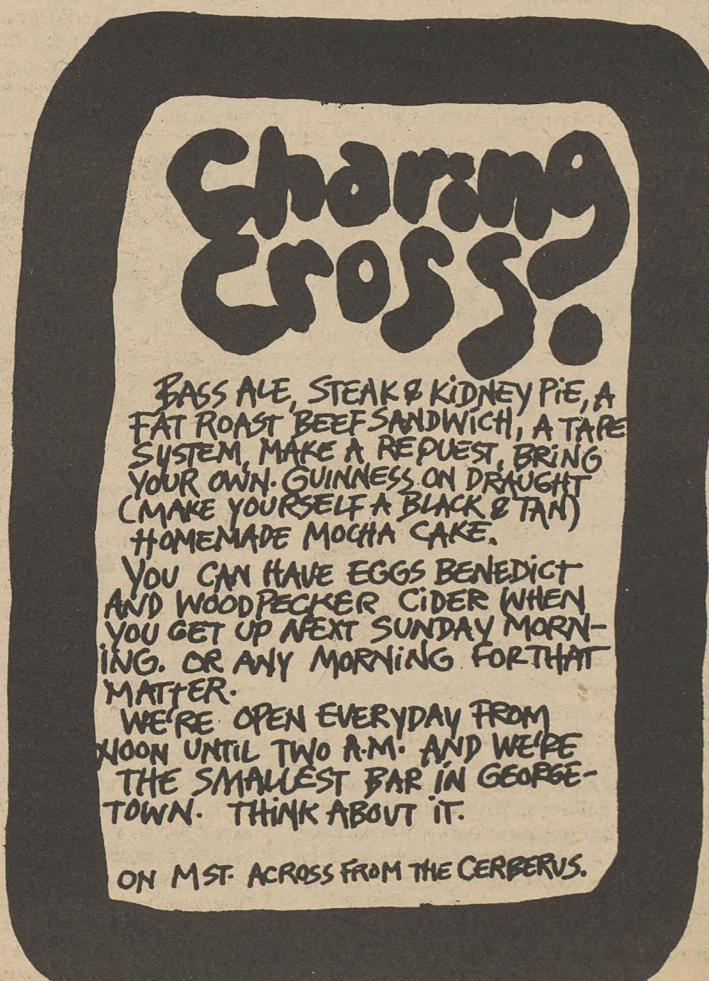
. . . As will, indeed, the whole play.

Fortune and Men's Eyes will continue at Back Alley Thursday - Sunday nights now until October 11.

Karolyn Nelke

RECOMMENDED

For those of you who missed THE BLACK AMERICAN THEATRE when they performed with rave reviews earlier this year at the Washington Theatre Club, word has it that they will be back in town again the weekend of October 9-11 at McKinley Senior High School (2nd & T Streets, N.E.)



Samuel D. Love, left; Richard Harmel, right

FILM NOTES

Review: LOVERS AND OTHER STRAGGLERS (SIC)

By Ruth Stenstrom

If you're in the market for pure entertainment, then you're in the right mood to see LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS. Now playing at the Fine Arts Theatre, the film was adapted from several humorous one-act plays which were written for Off-Broadway by the husband-wife team of Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna. They joined screenwriter David Goodman and writer-turned-director Cy Howard to produce an imaginative and successful integration of the four pieces, with many extra-added and extremely funny ruffles and flourishes, into one warm and amusing look at the institutions of marriage, divorce and other subsidiary relationships.

The take-off point for this expedition into the various aspects of menage a deux is the forthcoming (?) marriage of a young couple, played by Bonnie Bedelia of "They Shoot Horses Don't They?" fame and Michael Brandon, who are currently roommates. The very first short film sequence is a condensation of one of the one-acts, as Brandon abruptly decides to call the wedding off just three days hence. The essence of this situation is sustained throughout the picture and is counterpointed by the marriages and affairs of the members of both of their families, which hilariously and perceptively reflect the many human foibles and ironies related to the affairs of affairs.

Among the most winning performances are Gig Young, as the respectable, upper middle class father of the bride, and his tearful, middle-aged, always-a-bridesmaid-never-a-bride mistress, Anne Jackson, who is also in the position of being a trusted friend of the family. His monologues of ambivalent responses to her plight, in the ladies room no less, should go down in the annals of comedy. Both create characters who are absurdly believable.

Also, excellent portrayals of the parents of the groom are given by Bea Arthur and Richard Castellano, who provide the film with some of its most beautiful, gutsy moments. Catholic Italians, whose interest in life seem to be complaining and another helping of food, their attempts to patch up their other son's marriage are wonderfully funny. Both give deep insight and understanding to their characters, as they reveal the nature of their own not so romantic, but habitual relationship.

Then there are John and Wilma, constantly fighting about who wears the pants in the family and making up in a paradoxical fashion, played by Harry Guardino and Anne Meara. And all this is flavored by the seduction of the bride's self-conscious, not quite ready cousin (Marian Hailey) by the calculating bachelor (Bob Dishy.)

Well-paced and very unpedestrian, LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS is a guaranteed enjoyable evening.

10

The following is an attempt to relate the movie scene in this town as it is reflected through advertising in one newspaper, the Friday edition of the Washington Post. All impressions are those of the reviewer, Woody Redel.

--I'm amazed at the exclusivity of several films. "Two Mules for Sister Sara", "Airport", and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs" are playing "exclusively" at 34 theaters between the three of them.

--A CONTEST (just like in the good old days. Match the number with the letter, correctly identifying the films with their ad campaigns. Score yourself inversely. Disqualify yourself if you've seen any of the films, have been offended by any of the ads, or have no interest in film.

1- "When they get hurt, they cry! When they get mad, they kill!"

2- "How long can the West take the violence of THE BLOOD CROWD?"

3- "the deadliest man alive-takes on a whole army with two guns and a fist full of dynamite..."

4- "a timeless moment in a world gone mad..."

5- "She died with her boots on--and not much else"

6- "a freaked out gangster movie"

7- "Begins where Masters and Johnson "Human Sexual Response" Left Off"

8- "malice towards all and fun for anyone willing to go that route"

9- "fascinating story of the sensitive and sensual Yvette"

10- "It's about marriage love sex passion lack of passion seduction divorce religion freedom and happiness, not necessarily in that order"

a- "WHIRLPOOL"

b- "THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY"

c- "PERFORMANCE"

d- "HORNET'S NEST"

e- "SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE"

f- "THE McMASTERS"

g- "FEAR OF LOVE"

h- "LOVER AND OTHER STRANGERS"

i- "TWO MULES FOR SISTER SARA"

j- "SUNFLOWER"

--In the ads for one movie, the biggest words seem to be the title- THE BLOOD CROWD. In actuality the film is called THE McMASTERS, that title appearing in small letters in a corner of the ad. Who do you think that is appealing to?

--HORNET'S NEST seems to be a juvenile DIRTY DOZEN...IF drawn out to absurdity, with Rock Hudson a somewhat progressive master to a horde of prep-school rejects—"give them a ball, they'll make up a game. Give them a grenade, they'll blow up the world." Right on, intelligent ones.

--AIRPORT, i think, must have been filmed fifteen years ago, according to the pictures of all the stars that border the ad. And the names--Mel Bakersfield, Vernon Demarest, Tanya Livingston, Ada Quonsett, Anson Harris--try to think of five friends with names as likely as those.

--SUNFLOWER looks like this year's SOUND OF MUSIC, Italian version.

--WHIRLPOOL makes an unwittingly wise comparison, but how many people have actually been lucky enough to see Roman Polanski's REPULSION. Comparisons are always odious.

--HONEYCHILE, IT'S THE MAN FROM C.O.T.T.O.N. is disgusting. Amos and Andy ungloriously brought back to life in mood action and taste. A real disgrace and a step backward. (This impression from the ad, though I know it is the film version of PURLIE VICTORIOUS which is another matter. The ad campaign is morally repugnant.)

--TORA, TORA, TORA is the most expensive film of recent years. Cost \$20 million (the original attack cost \$70,000 according to LIFE.) Now that we have had the Battle of the Bulge, V-E Day (The Longest Day) and Pearl Harbor (Tora, Tora, Tora), we can next expect the recreation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki (those glorious American war (erimes) ah, chimes ring true). Plans are to rebuild the cities on exact scale and in order to achieve a cinema-verite effect, aimless little yellow people will be found as targets for real bombs. Should be a real blockbuster.

--Candice Bergen certainly seems to be enjoying the sodomy that Elliot Gould is perpetrating in the ads for GETTING STRAIGHT.

--John Voight is THE REVOLUTIONARY in a curiously appropriate ad. This is a very good film, so despite it's not getting much publicity, try to see it.

--A special bonus. At one theater, after seeing "uncensored pictures of what real ~~h~~ y happens at 'the model studios' in the 'Model Hunters'", you can extend your fantasies to a live shooting session with live models.

--The most tasteful ads seem to come from the Janus, Cerberus, Biograph, Penn and Circle Theaters. An opinion.

--Odd figures. In the neighborhood theaters, the rating breakdowns were as follows: G(General audience, all ages) 18 choices of film; GP(General, with Parental Discretion) 54 choices; R(Restricted) 43 choices and X(No One Under 17) 16 choices.

In the city a little diffrent. G-6 choices; GP-7 Choices; R-8 choices; and X- 9 choices.

If you were under 17, you could go to the Mt. Vernon Drive-In and get to see "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush" (GP) but would get kicked out before the end of the bill, "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (X). For kids, there is practically no fare.

--There are a grand total of 90 different films playing in and around Washington at this time. That means there really is quite a lot to choose from. Think about it.

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Tuesday thru Thursday, October 13-15
Laurence Olivier in

"Henry V"

Directed by Laurence Olivier

Friday, Saturday, October 16-17
Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud in
"Richard III"

Co-Starring Ralph Richardson, Claire Bloom

Sunday, Monday, October 18-19
Orson Welles in

"Macbeth"

Directed by Orson Welles

Tuesday, October 20
Grigori Kozintsev's

"Hamlet"

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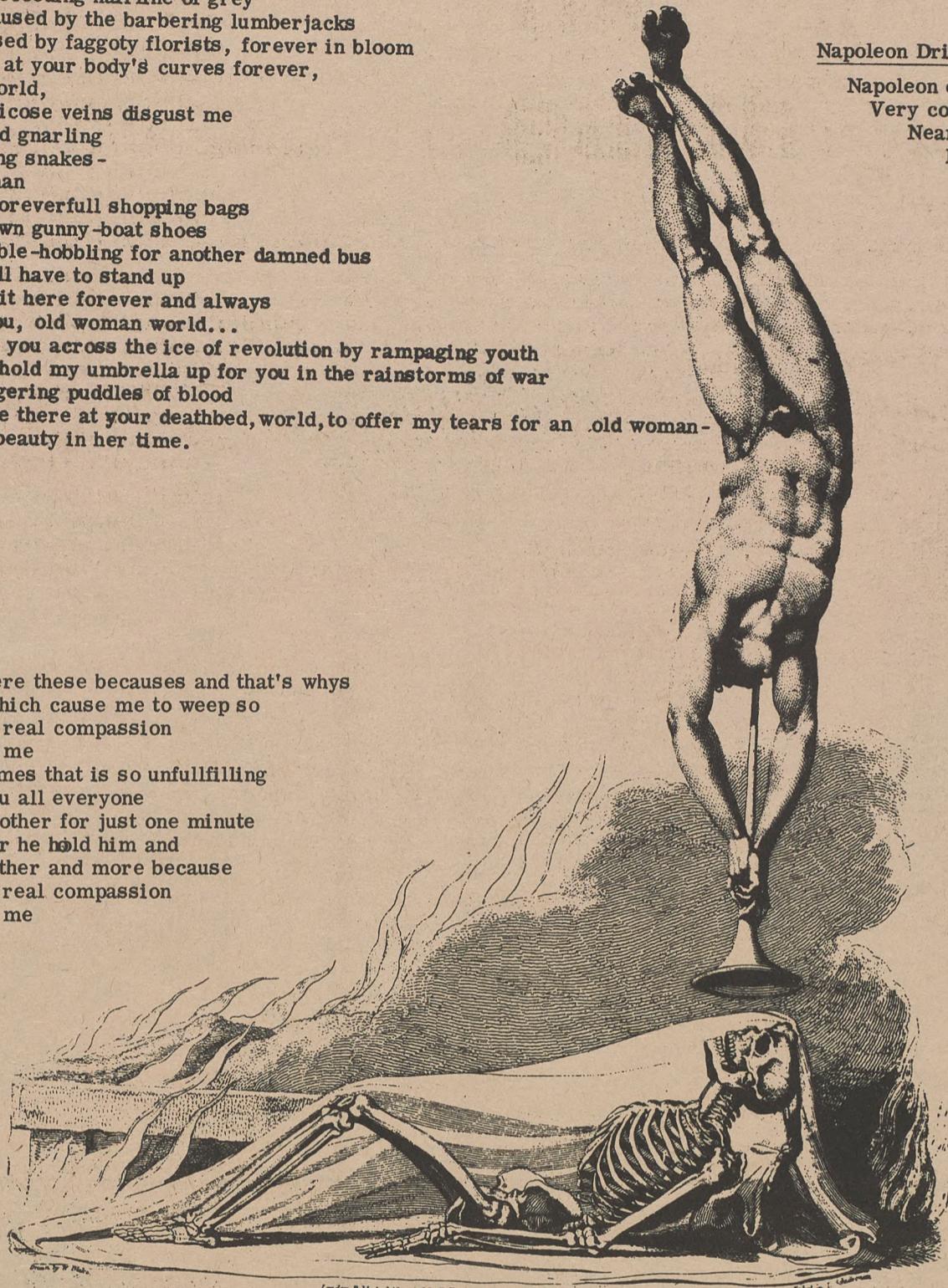
AWAKE THE SLUMBERING LIFE

world

i will sit here forever and always
looking at your face, world, you
and your seedy complexion with
dermasilclearisifaceoffcuresall look
and your receding hairline of grey
matters caused by the barbering lumberjacks
and disguised by faggoty florists, forever in bloom
i will gaze at your body's curves forever,
my dear world,
but the varicose veins disgust me
knotting and gnarling
like writhing snakes -
an old woman
with your foreverfull shopping bags
and run-down gunny-boat shoes
always hobble-hobbling for another damned bus
where you'll have to stand up
yes i will sit here forever and always
watching you, old woman world...
let me help you across the ice of revolution by rampaging youth
and let me hold my umbrella up for you in the rainstorms of war
with its lingering puddles of blood
and i will be there at your deathbed, world, to offer my tears for an old woman -
who was a beauty in her time.

touch

why are there these because and that's whys
of people which cause me to weep so
there is no real compassion
only you to me
and sometimes that is so unfullfilling
kindman you all everyone
touch each other for just one minute
you hold her he hold him and
they each other and more because
there is no real compassion
only you to me



james joyce

under the buckling dome
of confusion and harrassment
sits james joyce
smiling like the black-toothed pirate
on a packet of zig-zags
watching people's thoughts
like he was his own damned fbi
his passages rumble and ramble on
the only guides in ulysses being
the front & back cover.

(II)

the once-wedding-ring of
my youth slipped silently
from my finger how can i forget
the happy days (we always fought)
what with the (screams & children)
precious hours (why didn't you leave me alone?)
she sighed. and stopped fishing in the drain.

JULIA BLIZIN

Napoleon Drives Deeper

Napoleon drives deeper into Russia
Very cold, very cold he reports
Nearly impossible to fully penetrate
But, he says, we have "la justice"
On our side...
was this what you were
referring to
when you called me
motherofrussia?

The Snakes

the water was running behind you
in the tub you kept shouting
one needs a bath one needs a bath
and stepped in while i stood
there laughing

how could i have seen the invisible
red watersnakes hiding in the greyish
ring of dirt?
all that i saw was your limbs
rearranging into death with their
spastic reactions photographed and frozen
in your eyes.

i never take baths i always take showers.
i am afraid that the snakes will
get me for laughing.

to my aunt

last time i visited your grave
i squatted there by your side
and packed up all my tears
for your death in a wethered
old valise called memory
and lugged the bag away from you
to think of something new
promising to return again soon
yet knowing i never would or never could
then in those days
i was just 12 and
you died slowwwly
rotting sweating crying
with cancer

it was in my power to heal
the pain about your death
with the salve of age
and tucking away the letter
you gave me the day you died
i walked on down time's path

but today i came back again
my valise had split at an odd corner
and suddenly there i was
unpacking all those old tears
and crying them again

i won't continue to be sad though dear aunt
because my arms are strong enough
for the bag of your memories and my tears
and the road is long enough
for us to eventually talk again



MY BROTHER MARK;
HE GRADUATED YESTERDAY

Play for him the third movement
of Mahler's first
And let him go with summer stride,
lanky legs askew,
Across, into, the varied states.
Let him taste Divide's waters
And scale his peaks for vantage points.
Give him what's left of nature here
-- a cleansing, that, perhaps --
Before he ghetto digs,
Before the more calls him.

All this for the graduate
(my God, so soon?)
Freshly moved through manhood's ritual,
from verb to noun,
Shaman-charged with all rights
And responsibilities thereto appertaining;
Tassel shift; music march
Conferred a scholar/gentleman
(he was all that before)
To seek the universal, the all, of university.

He goes with some of me.
I would give more, but what?
Lay out my mind, yard goods displayed,
To knit the pieces for advice, a gift.
He is all kind; he nods attentively
But his eyes on me go hollow.
In silence I hear them say,
"Korea? I saw it footnoted once."
Well. Yes, and so. No score.
Damn it, towering little brother,
You have not graduated, no.
You wait inevitable matriculation
Into non-gentlemanly non-scholarly discipline.
(Does he hear friend's whispers
to "Come, stride Canada?")
And still I have not found the gift,
The best present for new graduate.
I recall my move, from verb to noun.
It was that time I should have worked
Preparing his present to give today.
I did mean to, brother, I did.
I wished a tomorrow for you.
Too late.
I give you only what is left,
Only, sadly, too little, but with love.
Do you better with it, withal
And stride, full-proud of what you are,
Into all that we shamedly give you.

Be hold the earth

LOUIS E. CATRON

SPEED
SPED
SPUD

My fastest runs
come too damn slow.

Items to note
of desperation:
I just now start
to hear Brubeck;
I founf Feiffer last weekend
and all the Inner Rings.
Yesterday I/bought
tiny thin slim ties
(but at good discount)
and Mahler I call
today's discovery.
I WANT TO DIG!
(no one reacts),
and earnestly correct
(Timid : Negro? Black? Faro?)

Conversational gambits
Shot to hell.



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THE FREE CLINIC
IS SICK
(very)
IT NEEDS MONEY
(badly)

RETURN A FAVOR
(if not for yourself,
then for everyone)

STREET SCREAM

I know you! cried the beggar man,
His hat worn upside down.
You! You! boomed the towers.
The please man pulled loose confetti
From his hair to ice the street
For the autocars' hand-stand glide,
Their wheels worn upside down.
The clocks were twelve,
Black and whitely reading one.
Too late! replied the violet woman,
Her skirt worn upside down.
Her violets

Her violets were blue and green,
Their stems worn upside down.
The tall lamps introduced the minuet
And all joined to dance to dance
And all joined in to dance.
Then let me find a home in your hollows,
In your warm;
Then give me now a home within your love.
And then, do not send me away, away,
Or else I'll dance with them, with them,
My brain worn upside down.

ONE FOR everyone)

WoodWind's First Pie-in-the-Eye Festival
TIME & PLACE TO BE ANNOUNCED
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BYOP
(bring your own pie)



HOW TO THROW A PIE

By TWO
OLD MASTERS
OF THE ART

Mack Sennett

... a pie in the face represents a fine, wish-fulfilling, universal idea, especially in the face of authority, as in cop or mother-in-law. Also, these sequences in which we started building from the tossing of one pie, quickly increasing the tempo and the quantity until we had dozens of pastries in flight across the screen simultaneously, were wholesome releases of nervous tension for the people and made them laugh.

Worse luck for scholars, I don't remember the name of the picture in which the first custard was thrown. The date would have been sometime in 1913. But if we failed in later years to understand the long words laid on us by heavy-duty professors who explain our art to us, we knew a good thing when we saw it, seized upon pie-throwing, refined it, perfected its techniques, and presented it to the theater as a new art. It became, in time, a learned routine like the pratt-fall, the double-take, the slow burn, and the frantic leap, all stock equipment of competent comedians...

It was funny, not only because a pie in the face is an outrage to pumped-up dignity, but because Turpin received the custard without a flick of premonition. Non-anticipation on the part of the recipient of a pastry is the chief ingredient of the recipe. And it takes an actor with a stern artistic conscience to stand still and innocent, never wagging an eyelash, while a strong man takes aim at him with such ammunition.

Del Lord, my ace comedy director, soon became the world-champion pie tosser. And "Fatty" Arbuckle, who in spite of his suet was an agile man--the kind of fat man known as light on his feet--became a superb pie pitcher. Arbuckle was ambidextrous and had double vision like a T-formation quarterback. He could throw two pies at once in different directions, but he was not precise in this feat. The Christy Mathewson of the custard was Del Lord.

Del Lord

This is a delicate and serious art and not one in which amateurs or inexperienced flingers should try to win renown. Pie-throwing, like tennis or golf, which depend upon form, requires a sense of balance and a definite follow-through.

Actually, you don't throw like a shortstop rifling to first base. You *push* the pie toward the face, leaning into your follow-through. Six or eight feet is the limit for an artistic performance.

You must never let the actor know when you're going to give him the custard in the choppers... The wisest technique is to con your victim into a sense of security and then slip it to him.

In my day, when I was the acknowledged world-champion pie heaver, I developed a prejudice for berries with whipped cream. After the actual whomp in the face, the berries trickle beautifully down the actor's shirt and the whipped cream besplashes his suit. This is muddy, frothy, and photogenic.



Counternotes

First, a word about GRIN. Their single "We All Sung Together / See What Love Can Do" is out, with the album to follow in a couple of weeks. It's always hard for a new group to break out on top, especially, it seems, if the group tries to break out locally. GRIN is originally from here and it's natural for this area to be the first to welcome them. Of Washington's several fine groups, they are most likely the best. Their excellence comes through in their live performance best (they can be caught occasionally at the Emergency in Georgetown on weekends). Few groups can really move an audience the way GRIN does -- in fact, I've never seen similar reactions so consistently. Dancing. That's the most elemental response to great music -- an inability to be still. And that, in essence, is the strength of GRIN -- music and motion. The music is heavy and the motion is constant. Someone tried to convince me recently that trios are on the way out, that big-brass-oriented groups were the new thing. GRIN dispells that notion quickly. Nils Lofgren, who also backs up Neil Young on occasion, is one of the most lyrical guitarists around. That is, his lines flow in waves, not in unimaginative splashes. As a composer, he ranks highly, with a superb sense of structuring and chord progressions that gives the group such a distinctive style. If a chordal exchange is the basic element of a song, the ingenuity of the chosen chords keeps the song from being repetitious. Bass player Bob Gordon is the least conspicuous member of the group, yet his bass lines add depth and augmentation to Nils' guitar work. And Bob Berberick is that rare blend of drummer whose style combines rhythm with reason. Because the music is heavy, his drumming is heavy, for the most part. But at the same time, it never overshadows the ensemble sound. And in the end, the empathy that exists between the players carries over to the audience -- hence, the reaction, the "good vibes", the happy times. Vocally, one of the nice things about GRIN is that you can understand them, and they are saying good things. So, I hope everyone picks up on this very fine group. The single is out now, the album soon will be. GRIN is here, and we are all the luckier.

RH

BB King, I guess, will always tower above most musicians, and it's rare to find another musician (a top one) who complements him rather than competes with him. But leave it to Leon Russell to be that man. The album INDIANOLA MISSISSIPPI SEEDS (ABCS-713) is BB's, the presence is Russell. BB is his usual solid self, whether tickling the keyboard on "Nobody Loves Me But My Mother" or coaxing Lucille on the other songs. But the fact remains that it is the songs that feature the coalition of King and Russell that make this such an outstanding album. Russell's forceful piano solidifies "Ask Me No Questions", "King's Special" and his own composition "Hummingbird". The latter is the best example of the magic these men practice -- the arrangement is tasteful and BB's voice has never sounded better... What can I say... listen?

I feel a lot of influences on URIAH HEEP (Mercury SR-61294). Cream, Fudge (I think those are the main two). But it is a very dynamic combination. For some reason the first side blew my head away and I felt let down by the second side. Maybe that's because the best cuts are on the first side: "Walking in Your Shadow", which has a very heavy Cream influence (incredibly evocative memory vocals?), but sets up a very nice basic rhythm and features some good riffs by lead axe Mick Box. "Bird of Prey" is a very hard song to describe. It's sort of a freak-out, particularly the choral structure -- which I guess is what makes it chillingly effective. There is also a fine rendition of a song that could seem out of place were it not tastefully done... "Come Away Melinda". Credit must go to lead singer David Byron who consistently delivers clear, understandable and finally wrought lyrics. A group to keep an eye on.

One of Eric Anderson's misfortunes was to arrive on the scene about the same time as Bob Dylan. Many people considered him imitative, even in vocalizing. A few years time have changed that impression, though Anderson has never made it very big. His style is most basically a blend of poetics and flowing melodies. Some of his better known songs exemplify this -- "Violets of Dawn", and "Close The Door Lightly". But in listening to this double album THE BEST OF ERIC ANDERSON (Vanguard VSD-7-8) one finds other, lesser known songs that are perhaps stronger -- songs like "A Woman Is a Prism", "Song to J.C.B." and "Eyes Gently Rolling". These songs all extend over five minutes and are more fluid and lyrical than the well-known songs. Anderson is additionally buttressed by competent sidemen (including most of Area Code 615). A very definitive kind of album which should re-awaken interest in one of our finer people.

DOC WATSON ON STAGE (Vanguard VSD-9-10). In many circles, Doc Watson is the considered king of traditional-oriented folk and country music. This double album, recorded at Cornell University and Town Hall, solidifies that reputation. Assisted by his son Merle (a super-fine guitarist in his own right), Doc lays down some of the finest riffs and pickings you are ever likely to hear. And one senses the dimension of this great blind musician in each of his songs -- "the one's we know by rote" -- "Brown's Ferry Blues", "Wabash Cannonball" and "Roll On Buddy" -- and the less well known traditional ballads like "Wreck of the 1262" and "I Am a Pilgrim". And underneath it all, as I said, the finest guitar work imaginable, especially Merle's work on "Windy and Warm" and Doc on "Doc's Guitar". A fine album, and a tribute to one of the greats.

16

I sometimes wonder how Buffy Sainte-Marie will best be remembered -- as a writer or as a performer. Some people refuse to adjust to her very forward style and delivery. That she is a powerful performer comes across on this double album THE BEST OF BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE (Vanguard VSD-3-4), made up mostly of her own material. That material ranges from the romantic hues of songs like "Sometimes When I Get to Think'n", "Take My Hand For A While" and "Until It's Time for You To Go" -- to the bitterness of her Indian heritage. It is a bitterness tempered with a building awareness, and reflects itself in songs like "Now That The Buffalo's Gone", "Winter Boy", and "My Country Tis Of Thy People You're Dying". These songs are powerful statements: Now that the long houses/breed superstition/you force us to send/our toddlers away/to your schools where they're taught/to despise their traditions/forbid them their languages/then further say/that American History/really began when Columbus/set sail out of Europe/and stress that the nation of legions/that conquered this land/are the biggest and bravest/and boldest and best and yet/where in your history books/is the tale of the genocide/basic to this country's birth?/of the preachers who lied/how the Bill of Rights failed/how a nation of patriots/returned to their earth?.../My country, tis of thy people you're dyin'... Then there is the additional mouth harped tradition of "Groundhog" and the universal concepts of "The Universal Soldier". Buffy is one of our honest natural wonders, so more power to her through this double exposure.

Two very different approaches to rock and roll appear in BROWNSVILLE STATION (Palaideum P10004) and FROST: THROUGH THE EYES OF LOVE (Vanguard VSD 6556). Brownsdale Station does its thing just like in the good old days... "Be Bop Confidential", "Rockin' Robin", "My Boy, Flat Top". They do these standards in addition to original material in the same vein. This style is a mixture of respectful confinement (no real jamming or breaks) and exuberant spirits. It's obvious that they enjoy this music, and aren't just using it as a gimmick. Frost, on the other hand, have their roots in rock, but their heads are into the progressive end of it. This latest album places the emphasis on the instrumental end of the group, and it is naturally solid. Lead guitar Dick Wagner and keyboarder Gordy Garris take top honors, and it is to the credit of the group that while the hardness is sustained throughout the album it never becomes repetitious or boring.

The Blues Magoos have been around for a while. They solidify with age, become harder and tastier, like good wine. Now numbering seven (plus an occasional Daddy Ya Ya), the group comes on strong in their latest album GULF COAST BOUND (ABCS-710). Of the two sides, the first is better because there is a seeming thematic unity, and a greater intensity. There are elements of jazz and afro-cuban rhythms and the lead vocals are excellent. The strength of the songs on the first side ("SlowDown SunDown", "Can't Get Enough of You" and the title song) lies in the duality of the forceful vocals and the graduating intensity that the songs build. The very make-up of the group suggests jazz-oriented build-ups -- guitar, bass, piano, vibes, sax, drums & conga. But it is the flowing jazziness of the early 60's, not the free form currently in vogue. The flip side is slightly more instrumental. A very listenable album.

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CLASSIFIEDS (OUR VERY FIRST)
keep them coming

YOGA - If you're a spiritual person who wants to get into your self and people around you, come experience yoga (for beginners only). Hatha Yoga includes postures, meditation, breathing exercises, sensitivity games, and

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GUITAR WANTED: Acoustical, steel stringed, good make. I'm willing to pay over \$100 bread for a real good guitar. Call Dave after 6pm - 434-4395

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FREE

alan mandel

by Stephen Allen Whealton

Alan Mandel is one of Washington's major musical resources. Pianist and musicologist of merit and note, he is an Assistant Professor of Music and The American University. He heads American's Contemporary Chamber Players, plays concerts, makes recordings, and organizes musical events.

As a pianist on discs, Mandel has a decided knack for kicking off bandwagons. His first recordings were a four-record set of the complete piano music of Charles Ives, much of which he had collected and collated himself. Ives is no longer the neglected composer he once was, and Mandel cannot be said to have started Ives' bandwagon, but his second set is a better example. It consists of forty piano pieces by the 19th-Century American composer, Louis Moreau Gottschalk. Here, Mandel is closer to the beginning of a boom, and he is certainly in part responsible for the recent interest shown in Gottschalk.

Mandel's recordings are particularly noted for two relatively rare and exceptionally valuable traits: musicology and completeness. The Ives recordings are a very good example. Working from a morass of fragments of scattered, idiosyncratic, and often unreadable pages of manuscript, Mandel pieced together several piano works by Charles Ives. He then presented concert and recorded premieres of the pieces which were thus resuscitated. His work with Gottschalk's music was similar, though it does not represent all the piano music Gottschalk wrote. Both sets were recorded for the DESTO label, the Ives set being DC 6458/6461, and the Gottschalk set in DC 6470/6473. Both are available in Washington at the Discount Book Store.

In addition to these pioneering American composers' music Mandel also performs a more usual piano repertoire, as well as recent music. In the past he has performed the piano part in local concert performances of Pierre Boulez's early Sonatine for Piano and Flute, as well as of a piece for Violin and Piano by Boguslaw Schaffer.

Alan Mandel was born in New York City in 1935. By the age of thirteen, he had given his first recital at Town Hall in New York, and he went on to study piano with Rosina Lhevinne and Leonard Shure, as well as composition with Hans Werner Henze. He received his B. S. and M. S. degrees at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, and has also studied at the Akademie Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, and the Conservatorium Monteverdi in Bolzano, Italy.

Honors have been conferred upon Mr. Mandel by the National Association of Composers and Conductors, American Musicological Society, and other groups. He has received two Fullbright grants for study abroad and the Brundice award at Penn State for excellence in teaching. He has performed in New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Munich, and Salzburg, as well as all over this country. He will tour the country again this fall, giving concerts. Mandel's own music has been performed as well. His symphony was premiered in Salzburg, and his Piano Concerto, as well as various works for piano and other pieces, have been played in Germany, Austria and the United States.

After his recordings of Ives and Gottschalk, as well as a recording of the Third Piano Sonata by his father-in-law the distinguished American Composer Elie Siegmeister, where will Alan Mandel take his crusade next?

One hint of an answer to this question lies in his present interest in ragtime. This musical phenomenon, which swept popular American music in the very last years of the 19th Century and the first decade of the 20th Century, ties very directly into the music which Mandel has already recorded. Listening to Gottschalk's "black" oriented pieces, particularly Bamboula, Le Bananier, and The Banjo, one is struck by their resemblance to the piano solos of "classic" ragtime, fifty-odd years afterward. In addition, Charles Ives utilized not only rag idioms, but even the very name, "ragtime" in several of his compositions, notably the First Piano Sonata, which Mandel also recorded.

Working from Max Morath's gigantic limited-edition book of piano rags, Mandel has been learning several of the greatest of the original classics. Pieces by Scott Joplin, the father of rag music, and by his two great pupils, Joseph Foster Lanb and James Scott, figure prominently in Mandel's excursion into ragtime. Judging from the musical excellence and the completeness of his Ives and Gottschalk sets, we can hope that Mandel will give us a lot of ragtime. Certainly, there is a great deal there to be explored. Max Morath, who has been trying to popularize ragtime for some years, has recently had great success in New York, Washington, and all across the country with his show, "At the Turn of the Century." Besides his jokes, songs, and the slides he projects, featuring turn-of-the-century artifacts and scenes, Morath provides a 'healthy dose of ragtime classic. It is possible that ragtime's star is also rising.

Alan Mandel, then, represents a one-man musical resource for Washington. He provides many rewards to the local music lover of a "classical" bent. His own star is rising so that he may be seduced away from us eventually by the lure of the truly big-time in music. Until this happens, let us enjoy his presence.

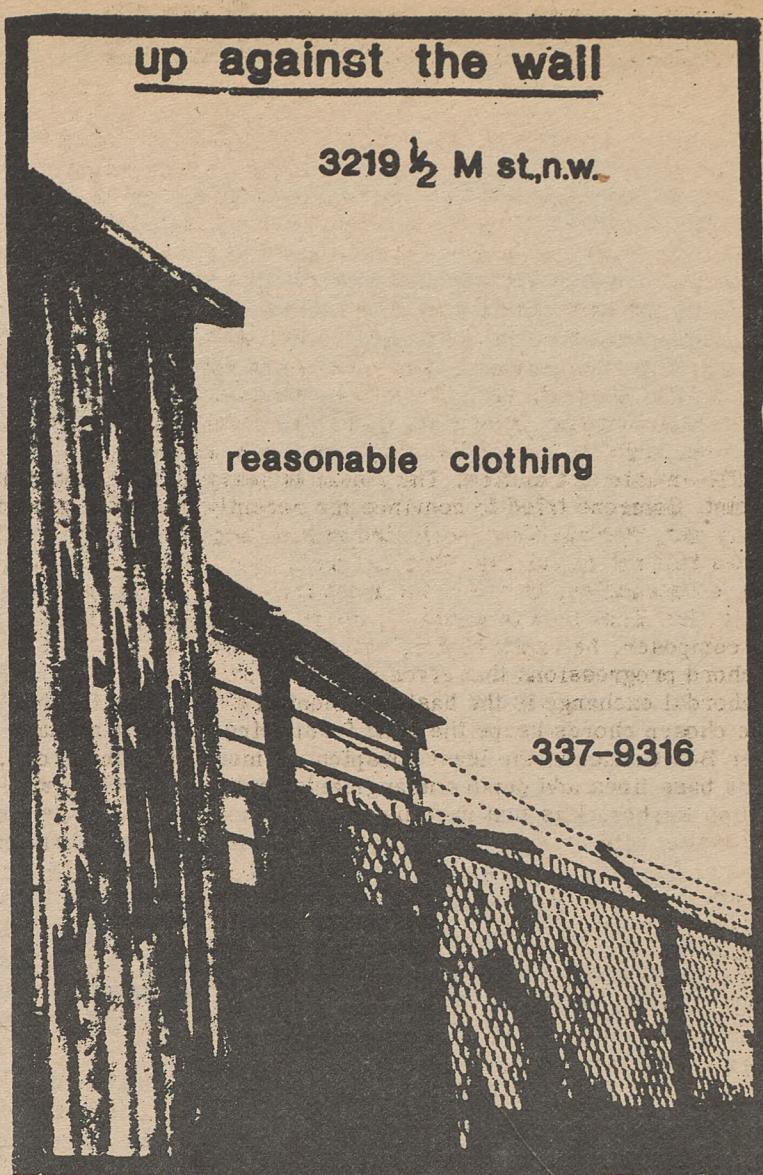
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roberto matta
pyramid gallery, a commentary
by M.RUTT

Roberto Matta was born in Chile in 1911. As an architect he worked with Corbusier in Paris, and in 1938, deserting architecture, joined the Surrealist Movement and devoted his time to painting. The exhibition of his painting, drawings and prints now at the Pyramid Gallery (P Street between 21st & 22nd Streets, N.W.) is the finest and most indelible art experience this year in Washington.

The fifteen splendid paintings represent the major trends in his work from the 1940's to today. Extremely influenced by Yves Tanguy and Marcel Duchamp, and fascinated by violent movement, and both Euclidean and Biomorphic form, he creates what he terms, "Psychological morphology," which is both visually, and intellectually, magnificent and profound. Matta's form is both human and machine, opaque and transparent, real and unreal. Somewhere between the surrealism of one's own mind and the surrealism of Matta's creations lies a point of reality that Matta knows must exist. His exquisite forms and colors merge and emerge, conglomerate and disintegrate. The eye and mind are exposed to rare genius. Available for purchase are recent drawings, etchings, and lithographs.

It is clear that he is a master at printmaking, as much as at painting and drawing. In the folio "Les Voix" form becomes space, and space, form, in a psychological morphology that verges on the cosmic. Superimposed line forms on fields of black provide a point of reference that somehow can't help but be almost Dada.

In another folio, "Les Damnations," Matta explores the amorphous quality of the line in silent space, and then again in space that becomes timeless in its fury. In the lithographs and drawings, a literal mob of biomorphs, both human, animal, and completely unreal, distribute themselves around their landscape--setting up careful relationship and interaction on a plane that is just as human, animal and completely unreal. Colored pencil and iridescent point highlight sections of the drawings.

Matta, considered to be the last major artist to join the Surrealists, is represented in major museums and is currently living in Paris.



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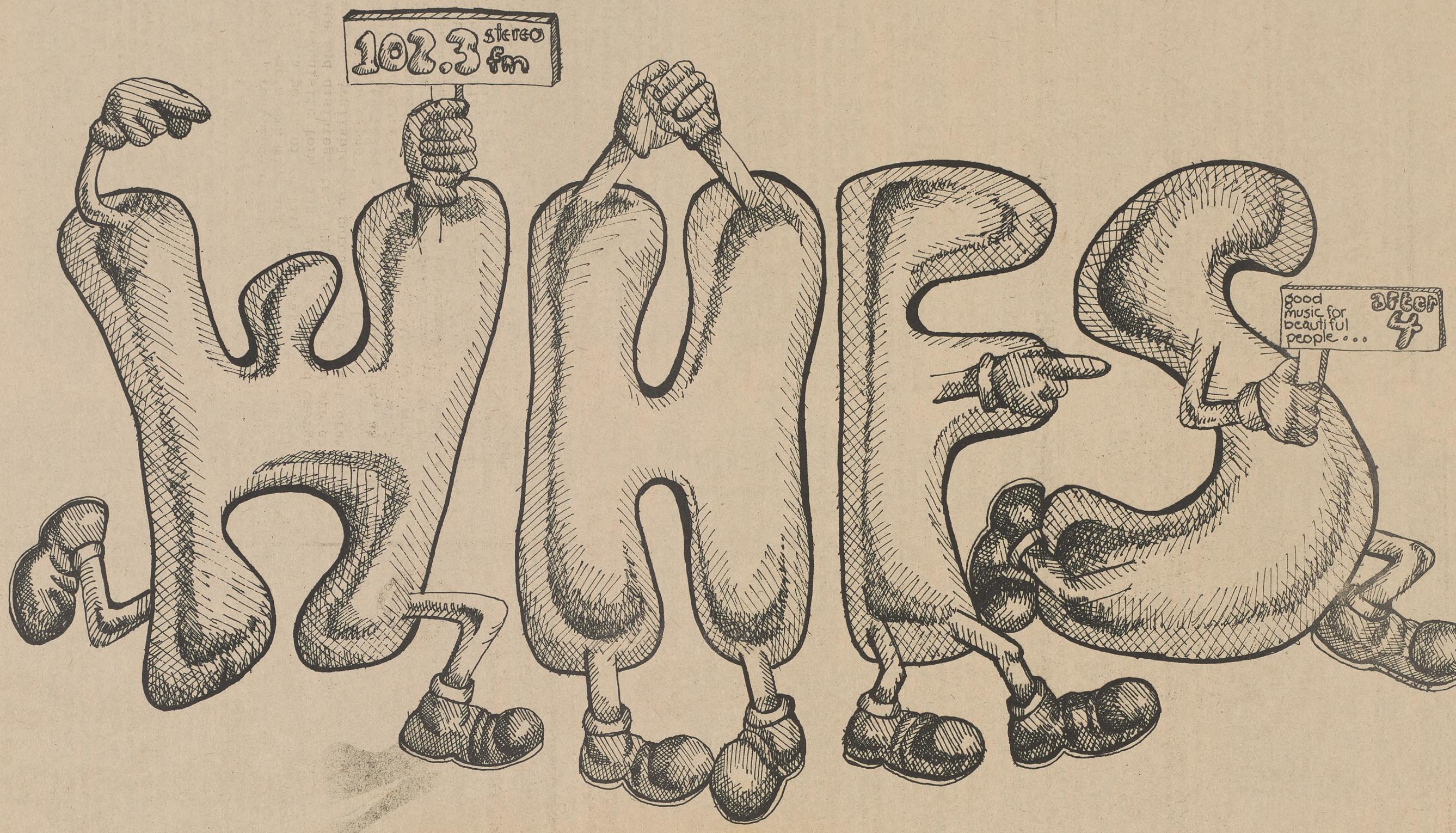


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WOMAN POWER: THE MOVEMENT FOR WOMEN'S LIBERATION
By Cellestine Ware, Tower Publications, New York, 176pp, \$.95, paper.

I, B.I.T.C.H. By Caroline Hennessey, Lancer Books, New York, 190pp, \$.95, paper.

Women's Lib is at the supermarket. Also the drugstore. Right between the frozen foods and the condiments I found WOMAN POWER, a thoughtful, direct discussion of where the movement is now and of the history of the struggle for equality for women. In sharp contrast to Ware's academic approach is the I, B.I.T.C.H., which I picked up at the drugstore (between the condoms and the tampons, I guess I should say). Caroline Hennessey's supposed autobiography is nothing but an attempt to capitalize on whatever real or imagined sensationalism is associated with women's lib. You can tell these two books by their covers. Ware's is simply a black women's lib symbol on an orange background. Hennessey's shows a girl wearing a tight sweater and slacks and a chain belt across her hips. She is tugging at her long brown hair and gazing seductively at the potential buyer. A note on the back tells us that the cover was posed by a professional model.

Hennessey begins her book with "I am standing nude", and proceeds to tell us how she gets finger-fucked on her first date at the age of 14 and emasculates her date by coming before he does; keeps her virginity until she's 16 (I'm telling you all the good parts so you won't buy it for that); is turned off by a Yalie who got turned off by her tampon wick; works for an ad agency while having an affair with a married man; marries after having an affair with another guy for a year; decides on a divorce after three and one half months' and last, but not least, has an abortion.

After the foregoing events, Hennessey tells us she has decided to form an organization called, "I, B.I.T.C.H.", which stands for, "I, Ballbreaker Intent on Totally Castrating and Humiliating".

If the book really is autobiographical and serious in intent, then all I can say is that it does great disservice to women's lib by foisting on a movement one woman's personal hang-ups. Not that personal hang-ups don't often spring up from social ills, as Ware points out, but Hennessey's main bitches seem to be a father she despised, a mother she looks down on, and a marriage that didn't work out. She says she must start her ballbreaking organization because any other approach to women's liberation is ineffectual. NOW, Hennessey remarks, is "the most solid, sensible and constructive organization," but it is much too conservative for her tastes. This remark is really a put-down of the rest of the WL spectrum. Some of her comments on other groups are: "SCUM? Bullshit..... WITCH. Good God, if guerrilla theater and 'magic, garlic, flowers and spells' are the best ingredients this group can offer...but why bother going on? THE FEMINISTS. Oh come off it, Ti-Grace...REDSTOCKINGS. Its operating principle is Self-Shrink..oops' Personal Self-Discovery?'... Very cute, girls...that's the only word, except for sophomore, ineffectual, childish, useless and a few hundred more in a similar vein. But you won't produce anything but noise, wind and further frustrations."

The book is really more like a bad novel than an autobiography, so I cannot take it seriously. It has everything you would expect to find in a bad novel: overwriting, gimmicks, and stereotyped and contrived characters. There's the father who must keep his wife and daughter in their places because he has doubts about his own virility; the mother who never in her whole entire forty years experiences an orgasm (Hennessey says the prize putdown was learning that she was a product of -- and the term is set of typographically throughout the book to turn on all you drugstore paperback skimmers -- "a joyless fuck."); the author who has both beauty (never bothers with makeup because she doesn't need it) and brains (Vassar graduate); her husband who seems to have accepted her as an equal but turns out to be a male chauvinist like all the rest.

Enough. I've told you all this so you won't buy the book like I did, thinking the cover was just a come-on---like Gina Lolabrigida on the cover of the HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME---and that the inside might have something intelligent to say. Don't waste your time.

Right on to the more digestible of the two books, Ware's WOMAN POWER. This book is a good counter-force to the press coverage of the women's movement. It turns all the jokes about women's lib that apparently are so easy to make into an eight-year old's scribbling of dirty words.

As is typical of a great deal of radical women's writing, it is more lucid, more organized, more self-searching and less rhetorical than the rest of the run of radical literature. Not that it is objective. It is not meant to be. Ware's biases are plain: she is a founder of the NEW YORK RADICAL FEMINISTS, an offshoot of the STANTON-ANTHONY BRIGADE which itself is an offshoot of both the FEMINISTS and the REDSTOCKINGS in New York City. This puts her in the camp not of radicals, but of radical feminists; that is those who have rejected, or have not even considered, the Marxist dictum that women will be liberated when capitalism is overthrown. The radical feminists, according to Ware, do not see the oppression of women as a capitalistic evil, for it exists in those countries

as a capitalistic evil, for it exists in those countries which have undergone socialist revolutions. She sees the woman's plight as the overriding and all-encompassing socio-economic-psychological issue, and not as an adjunct of some other political program. Even though many socialists innovations such as child care centers are included in WLM's program, the radical feminist does not see these innovations as coming about as part of a socialist revolution. On the contrary, Ware points out the socialist tactic of emancipating women for the sole purpose of enlarging the work force "would not aid in their self-actualization, therefore full emancipation of women cannot occur under socialism."

Ware gives an excellent analysis of the contemporary history of WLM as it evolved from groups within the radical left who realized that a leftist revolution would be no revolution for them---that they would be fetching coffee and watching the kids the day after the "revolution" just like they were doing the day before.

Discussed in depth are many of the main groups within the movement; WOMEN'S RADICAL ACTION PROJECT, "a collective of women who were SDS drop-outs"; BREAD AND ROSES, the parent organization of Boston's women's lib collectives, which is so strongly influenced by Weatherman that its women sometimes accept SDS political positions that admittedly don't stem from their own understanding or experience; NOW (National

Organization of Women), which is "reformist, works from within the system, and is referred to sometimes affectionately, sometimes impatiently, as the forerunner of new feminism"; THE OCTOBER 17th MOVEMENT, a group of dissenters who withdrew from NOW and eventually became the FEMINISTS who "rank with NOW as the most highly organized of all women's groups"; NEW YORK RADICAL WOMEN whose democratic philosophy that the development of leaders and spokeswomen should be avoided led to its splintering into three groups; WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), a feminist organization for women already committed to radical change in our society; and numerous others.

The most illuminating and in-depth discussions are those of the FEMINISTS, the REDSTOCKINGS, and the NEW YORK RADICAL FEMINISTS. Of the FEMINISTS (not to be confused with NYRF), who would do away with love because it is sexually male supremacist, Ware says: "It is not too much to say that the group as it is now constituted has made a politics of the neuroses of its members. In their analysis of love, the group has correctly identified the exploitative and destructive aspects of love as practiced in society but without recognizing the existence of the possibility of emotionally satisfactory sexual relationships."

Ware is most favorable to the REDSTOCKINGS which she credits with developing "the language of psychology basic to modern feminism... REDSTOCKINGS has the most strongly verbalized pro-woman line of all the groups." However, she is acutely aware of the shortcomings of a program of undirected group introspection: "...anti-intellectualism has proven to be the stumbling block of REDSTOCKINGS... members are unwilling, fearful and sometimes unable to move from an intuitive assessment of their experience to sociological understanding of what happened to them and why it happened."

Ware gives over nine pages to a discussion of NEW YORK RADICAL FEMINISTS (NYRF) which she helped found. Within this discussion is contained the kernel of what I would guess to be her own philosophy. She says radical feminism (and here I think she means particularly NYRF) differs from other women's groups "in not demanding that which men already have but in working for the eradication of domination and elitism in all human relationships. This would make self-determination the ultimate good and require the downfall of society as we know it today."

In addition to discussing the politics of contemporary women's lib groups Ware also analyses 19th century feminism, as well as the relationship of Black women to WLM, and the development of a literature and vocabulary for WLM.

Reading WOMAN POWER could clear up a lot of muddled thinking about the movement for women's liberation, and provide food for thought while wending your way through the supermarket. It is must reading, especially for Caroline Hennessey

JUDY WILLIS

OTHER WORLDS OTHER SEAS

This is a book of science fiction from socialist countries. It reflects a phenomenon which is very interesting in all of the countries of Eastern Europe - the rise of a rich and adventuresome group of artists in several different media.

This phenomenon is worth some mention at the beginning, for it is of interest on its own merits, and relevant to the book at hand as well. In poster art, Poland is presently one of the few very highest-ranking countries in the world. Some of the most famous poster-makers of Polish origin are Jan Lenica and Roman Cislewicz, both now living in Paris. In film, Poland has also contributed a large number of directors of note: Andrzej Wajda and Yurek Skolimowski are two, and another is perhaps the most famous present-day Eastern European artist - Sharon Tate's widower, Roman Polanski. Animated film also shines in Poland. Jan Lenica makes films in addition to posters, and both he and his former collaborator, Walerian Borowczyk, have moved to the front rank of the world's animated film makers. Czech film can claim several widely known artists: Milos Forman, Jan Kadar, and Hungary's Miklos Jancso is poised ready to add the United States to his European successes, and Yugoslavia's animator, Dusan Vukotiv, has made live-action films as well as drawn ones.

In music, Poland has lately seized a large share of avant-garde attention. Krzysztof Penderecki, Witold Lutosawski, Wojciech Kilar, Henryk Mikołaj Górecki, and Bogusaw Schaffer are but five of the new Polish composers who have made distinct impressions upon the world. Jazz, too, has been blossoming in Poland, notably in the music of Krzysztof Komeda, composer of film scores to Polanski's films.

In the theater, notable names include Jerzy Grotowski, Witold Gombrowicz, and Slawomir Mrozek, Polish playwrights and directors. Their experiments and stylistic individualities have attracted considerable notice among the world's theater-goers.

In short, Eastern Europe, not to mention mighty Russia, is crawling with artist of every possible genre, medium, and description. Even the characteristically Anglo-Saxon field of science fiction has been significantly invaded by these slavic experimentalists. The results are evident in *Other Worlds Other Seas*, by Random House edited by Darko Suvin, professor of Yugoslav origin now teaching at McGill University in Montreal. He begins the book most interestingly, with an essay adapted from parts of his book recently published in Zagreb, *Possible Worlds - An Outline of Science Fiction and Utopias*, presumably in Serbo-Croatian. In any case, the essay is informative and interesting. It surveys the world of sophisticated, literate, and generally Marxist science fiction which streams out of Eastern Europe. In addition, Professor Suvin lists a number of lesser-known SF-writers in various Socialist countries. He makes introductory comments about each individual story.

One indication of the general mood of the stories in the book is given at the end of Professor Suvin's acknowledgements, of all places. After thanking various and sundry, he says:

"As for the factors that hindered me in this enterprise from 1966 to 1968, they are too numerous to mention."

This little piece of unexpected ironic twisting is very typical of what we in the WEST have come to expect as a kind of generalized Eastern-European-mood. Another characteristic can only be explained by suggesting that in Eastern Europe the conventions which rule sophistication are basically different than they are in the WEST. Things which seem sentimental, old-fashioned, and even crude coexist in many of these works with long stretches of the utmost contemporary subtlety. For some of

my very up-to-date and non-generous friends, this characteristic limits their ability to appreciate the various Eastern European artistic products. 21 With the exception of the more conventionally romantic and sentimental Russian products (which lack the redeeming long stretched of subtlety), the totally different conventions of sophistication and subtlety which seem to reign in the EAST are refreshing to me. The courage needed for an Eastern European artist to treat certain topics is far less than that needed by an American or a Frenchman - in Poland or Yugoslavia, these ideas are not taboo. Perhaps (perish the thought) these people whose cultural potentials lay largely dormant for many decades are merely a bit behind.

As for the stories themselves, the opening of the very first one can serve to amplify what I have been saying and also to be typical: "The Patrol" by the Polish author Stanislaw Lem, begins with a description of a small toy. It is described vaguely enough at first to make me think that the story is going to be a highly symbolic and utterly non-realistic story - an esthetic variety which I can sometimes endure or even enjoy in film form, but rarely in verbal, written form. Quickly, however, it is revealed that the seeming symbolism is a product mostly of one's pre-conceptions (mine were many, and ominous), and the apparently metaphysical prose is actually nothing more than a lively description of a small toy. The toy is a companion, so to speak, of a lonely individual, "Pilot Pirk," who is patrolling an area of space on an extremely long assignment. The story, then concerns his loneliness, among many other things. The toy house is but an example of the degree to which something seemingly mundane and trivial can be held dear in times of stress or aloneness.

On the whole, the book is most impressive indeed. There is hardly a "dud" among all the sixteen stories. The high points of the book, to my mind, come at the beginning and at the end, in the stories by Stanislaw Lem, the lone Pole in the collection; and Anatoliy P. Mitskevich, writing under the name of Anatoliy Dneprov - a Russian. Lem has four stories represented and Dneprov, three.

Perhaps the saving grace of most of the stories is the fact of translation. This may seem to be an unlikely idea, but for my taste at least, the closest examples of English-language science fiction that I have read seems to have an annoying sheen of smart-alecky verbal trickiness. It seems like Art Buchwald gone wrong. On the other hand, the Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges, whose writings are generally agreed to have greatly influenced this very band of "new" SF writers here in America and in England, seems perfectly acceptable to me. Perhaps my need for a relatively straightforward surface narrative is met by the translators' inability to render "smart-alecky" sheen of Lem's or even Borges' prose into English. Perhaps, I would hope, they have no such sheen in their own languages.

In any case, the problems I have in reading and enjoying John Barth, Kurt Vonnegut, Vladimir Nabokov, Anthony Burgess, J. D. Ballard, and several of the other present-day writers of highly literate science fiction do not present themselves with these Socialist-countries' stories.

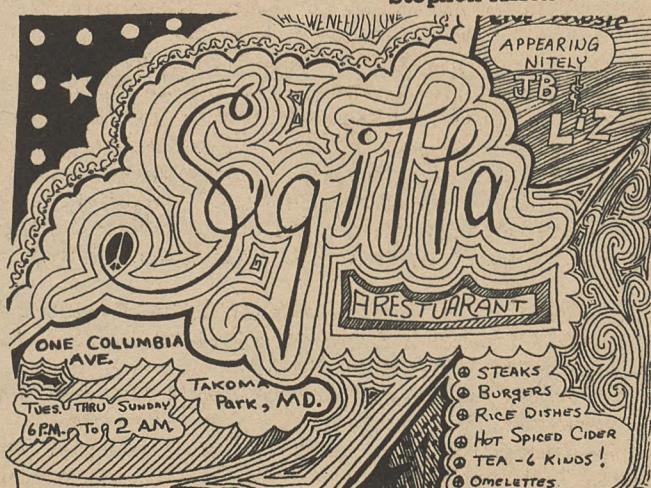
There is an abundance of the seeming "naivete" that I referred to earlier. Stories in the collection seem unafraid to make obvious points and to pound home their allegories, parallels, and allusions. Subtlety in the WESTERN sense is not prerequisite in these stories, though many varieties of subtlety exist. A symbolic "story", which is nothing more than a vehicle for social commentary, seems less objectionable to me reading it here than it does when I try to tackle a current local allegory or modern-day moralistic fable. The morals espoused by the socialistic thinkers are certainly no more enlightened or palatable than are some, at least, of our WESTERN writers' lessons. On the contrary, it seems to work the other way around - the American writers tend to be very radical in their thinking in some of the ways that I find stimulating, while the Socialists seem in our WESTERN contest to be expounding cliches.

Nevertheless, the EASTERNERS are readable and their allegorical baggage is most intriguing. Maybe the style and content are refreshing because they are totally unfamiliar, but in the case of Stanislaw Lem and Anatoliy Dneprov, at least, the spark of originality is there. This spark may be less revered in the EAST than it is in my own heart, but it dominates my reaction to the book.

Lesser stories include a remarkably enjoyable account of an alien's first contact with this planet. He mistakes automobiles for the intelligent beings, apartment buildings for plants, and human beings for parasites. The author, a Rumanian named Vladimir Colin, even has the good taste to refrain from nearly every one of the obvious and cliched commentaries upon our human societies that one would expect! The alien is awed with what he sees, and his overall reaction is not disgust but incredulity.

In sum, the book is a real find. It costs \$6.95 and is well worth it, as books go. If you are rich, go out and buy it for yourself. If someone dear to you and of adventuresome literary tastes has a birthday soon or is ill, etc., buy it for that person and read it first. If you are poor and have no friends who can command of you the expenditure of \$6.95 plus tax, try to find the book in a library or wait until the paperback version is issued. Anyway, find it and read it. If you cannot bear anything which isn't the last word in conventional avant-garde subtleties, you may have trouble with some of the stories, but some will satisfy you even so. I enjoyed the book very much.

Stephen Allen Whealton



M. Rutt

ART:

CLAES OLDENBURG -- Facile and perceptive critic Barbara Rose is the author of this study of modern artist Claes Oldenburg. Although the book accompanies the exhibition at the New York Museum of Modern Art, it certainly stands as a good analysis with fine illustrations, independently of the show. The author's direct writing honestly explores Oldenburg's contributions through his "soft construction" such as limp fans and inflatable giant hamburgers, and through his pop painted plaster foods, and through his proposals for monuments such as a colossal pair of scissors to replace the Washington Obelisk. Available with checklist of the exhibit, bound in soft inflated plastic, published by New York Graphic Society in 210 pages at \$25.00. Well illustrated.

NINETEENTH CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTING -- Realism, Romanticism, and home grown naive painting flourished in the United States during the century before ours. The work of Turner, Whistler, Remington and Cole shows the United States schools developing a personal and individual style while paralleling thought trends in more established art circles in Europe. With few exceptions, these trends vanished with the appearance of French Impressionism and Cubism on American shores. Author James Thomas Flexner presents our heritage of art from the Revolution, the Hudson River School with serious criticism of this period which is too often accepted, or rejected, rather than investigated. Published by Putnam at \$17.95 in 250 pages. Hardbound and illustrated in black-and-white and color.

ANDY WARHOL -- John Coplans, Calvin Tomkins and Jonas Mekas are the authors of this study of the pop art master. Forty pages of text discuss the importance of Warhol as one of the most pertinent and original men commenting on art and society today. One hundred pages of reproductions of his works provide a fine visual survey. Published in hardcover by New York Graphic Society at \$10.00.

GREAT AGE OF FRESCO -- Willard Weiss is author of this giant volume devoted to the work done by Giotto, Michelangelo, Masaccio and Botticelli. Although it is by no means an in-depth study, the reproductions are a feast for the eyes and a fine temptation to see more. Published by Braziller at \$30.00 in 250 pages, hardbound.

ART OF THE MAYA -- Dominated by a fine mass of plates, Ferdinand Anton's book focuses on the history and culture of the Maya Civilization through their art. The commentary comprises only one quarter of the book but succeeds in embracing a large scope of work and importance. Published by Putnam in 340 pages at \$17.50.

ARCHITECTURE & PLANNING

VISIONARY CITIES: ARCOLOGY OF PAOLO SOLERI -- Originally published by the Corcoran Gallery, this innovative volume by Donald Wall and Walter Barek is now available in paperback rather than in a box. It again praises the work by architect Paolo Soleri which has been previously reviewed by WOODWIND. Fine photography and exceptional format help to support Soleri's technological creations for new living environments. The book should be read first to appreciate Soleri, and second to appreciate how graphics can be used to merge subject matter and communication to produce experience, rather than just reading. Published by Praeger at \$5.95.

IMPERIAL GARDENS OF JAPAN -- Takeji Iwamiya presents the handsome landscape architecture of the Japanese, and it is indeed presented beautifully. The scope of the photographs takes in all from stepping stones to the expansive but sensitively controlled vistas, for which the gardens have become known. The impact upon our culture becomes apparent. Well illustrated in black-and-white and color and tastefully bound, the volume is published in Walker and Weatherhill in 130 pages at \$32.50.

THE CITY IN AMERICAN LIFE -- For any admirer of urban living, this book provides an interesting series of essays picking out trends in growth of American cities. Authors include Constance Greene, Arthur Schlesinger, Patrick Moynihan. Fine organization allows the work to be a jump off point to a great deal more information. Careful selection of articles accounts for a focus of attention of sociological, economic and psychological manifestations as well as architectural ones. Published by Putnam in hardcover at \$6.95 in 350 pages.

URBAN PLANNING IN TRANSITION -- Ernest Erber is editor of this anthology, which, unlike the previous work, concentrates on the methods, needs, and changes as the state of the art adapts. Fortunately, the people of a city still occupy the center of attention. Published by Grossman in paperback, 300 pages at \$4.95.

FILM

FILMS OF ORSON WELLS -- Charles Higham writes on the genius that created "Citizen Kane" and recreated "The Trial," "Othello," and "Macbeth" with creativity rarely matched in cinema. The author makes good use of photos to support his serious analysis of form and content as well as intent. Published by University of California in 200 pages at \$10.95 hardcover.

50 CLASSIC MOTION PICTURES -- A hard choice to make but David Zinman presents worthy examples, among them "Ninotchka," "King Kong," "Mayerling," "Grand Hotel" and the "Informer". There is not enough room, by any means, to say all there is to say, and depth is often lacking, but film admirers will enjoy taking a look. Published by Crown in 310 pages at \$9.95. Hardcover, illustrated in black and white.

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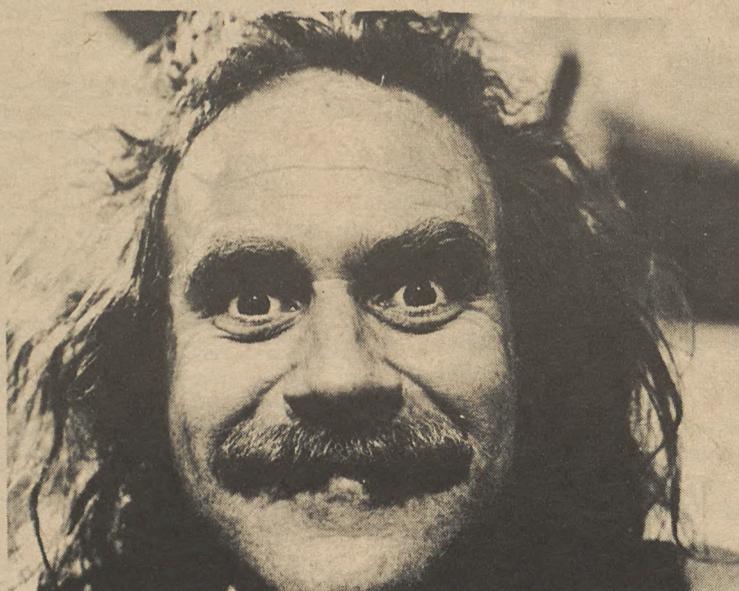
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Uncle Dirty



Uncle Dirty

movie
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with Laurel & Hardy

chapter 4

FLASH GORDON

october 10 GUESS WHO
JOHN STEWART

IDES of MARCH
GORDON LIGHTFOOT

movie
"GOLDEN STALLION"
with Roy Rogers & Dale Evans

chapter 5
FLASH GORDON

THURSDAY-October 1

8pm-film, "Grapes of Wrath", AFI, 554-3000
 8pm-Discussion of Palestinian guerilla war at AllSouls Unitarian Church, 16th & Harvard
 8pm-Gay Lib Front meeting for newcomers, at 1620 S St., call Joan or Bill 265-2181

FRIDAY-October 2

7:30pm-DICK GREGORY, at Crampton Aud. Howard U., (\$.50)
 8pm-National Ballet—"Cinderella" with Dame Margot Fonteyn, Lisner Aud. 387-5544
 8pm-DUKE ELLINGTON, Constitution Hall, 393-4433
 8pm-film, "Point of Order", the McArthy-Army hearings, by Emile de Antonio, AFI
 8 & 10pm-film, "The Ritual", by Ingmar Bergmann, Catholic U., Nursing Aud., \$2
COFFEEHOUSES-

Iguana-basement of church at 14th & Thomas Circle, NW
 Gate- 3340 M St, NW
 Agape-3415 M St. NW
 Pipeline- St. Albans', Wisc. & Mass., NW
 8:30-concert, Navy Band, Departmental Aud.
 midnight- Films, at the Circle Theater (337-4470)

SATURDAY-October 3

2pm-Cinderella (see Oct. 2-8pm)
 3pm-film, "Drums Along the Mohawk", AFI
 10am-5pm-WOMEN'S LIBERATION FRONT, meeting at GWU Center
 7pm-concert, THREE DOG NIGHT, Baltimore Civic Center
 8pm-National Ballet: "Swan Lake", "Raymonda", "Danse Brillante" & "Thru the Edge"- Lisner Aud. 387-5544
 8pm-film, "Kes", a superb film about childhood, at the AFI
 8 & 10pm-The Ritual (see Oct. 2)
 8:30-rock, ELIZABETH, at Emergency COFFEE HOUSES (see Oct. 2)
 midnight movies at the Circle Theater

SUNDAY-October 4

2pm-National Ballet, "Copellia", Lisner
 3pm-film, "Mary of Scotland", AFI
 3pm-Sunday Afternoon Music Hour, YMCA
 7pm-National Gallery Orchestra, Richard Bales conducting, East Garden Court, Nat. Gallery with Virginia Eskin, piano
 7:30pm—"Cinderella", Lisner Aud.
 8pm-films, "Stagecoach" & "The Plough & the Stars", AFI
 8pm-concert, POCO, Tractor, Sageworth & Drums Georgetown U.
 8 & 10pm-The Ritual (see Oct. 2)

MONDAY, October 5

8pm-film, "Lion's Love", a new film about a strange menage a trois, AFI

TUESDAY-October 6

8pm-film, "The Long Voyage Home", AFI
 8pm-Gay Lib Front meeting, 1041 Wisc. Ave.
 8pm-Nathan Page Quartet at the New Thing Jazz Workshop, St. Margaret's Church,
 8:30-opening, play, "This Was Burlesque" with Ann Corio, Shady Grove

WEDNESDAY, October 7

8pm-film, "How Green Was My Valley", AFI

THURSDAY, October 8

8pm-film—"They Were Expendable", AFI
 8pm-film—"Long Day's Journey Into Night", GW Ballroom

FRIDAY, October 9

7& 10pm-concert, MOUNTAIN & Mylon Catholic U.
 8pm-film, "Rush to Judgement", about the Warren Commission, by Antonio, AFI
 8pm-film, "Alice's Restaurant", CU
COFFEE HOUSES, see Oct. 2
 midnight films at the Circle Theater

SATURDAY, October 10

3pm-film, "Fort Apache", AFI
 8pm-films, "My Darling Clementine" & "The Rising of the Moon", AFI
 8:30-concert, Paul Mauriat, Constitution Hall
COFFEE HOUSES, see Oct. 2
 midnight films at the Circle Theater

SUNDAY, October 11

3pm-recital, VAN CLIBURN, all Chopin at Constitution Hall
 3 & 8pm-films, "Best Animated Films, Part 2" AFI

7pm-WILSON PICKETT, 103d Street Band, Moments, Spinners, Brenda and the Tabulations, 100Proof, Collection and the Civics -- at Baltimore Civic Center

7pm-National Gallery Orchestra, Bales cond.

5pm-Ralph Williams, tenor, recital at the Philippe Gallery

8, & 10PM-film, "Finnegan's Wake", CU

MONDAY, October 12

8pm-film, "Image, Flesh and Voice" by Ed Emshwiller, one of the finest experimental films of the last ten years. AFI

TUESDAY, October 13

7:30-opening of "Arsenic and Old Lace" at Ford's Theater 638-2941
 8pm-film, "The Sun Shines Bright", AFI
 8pm-concert, Julio Mirando Sextet (sounds of Latin Jazz), New Thing Jazz Workshop
 8:30pm-National Symphony, Constitution Hall, All Beethoven program

WEDNESDAY, October 14

8pm-film, "Dynamite Chicken", a live action animated film by Ernest Pintoff, AFI
 8:30pm-National Symphony, see Oct. 13

THURSDAY, October 15

6&9 PM-GW MOBE Concert, Lisner
 7:30 & 10pm-THE TEMPTATIONS, at HOWARD U.
 8pm-film, "The Quiet Man", AFI

FRIDAY, October 16

8pm-film, "In The Year of the Pig", AFI
 8pm-film, "Around the World in 80 Days", CU
COFFEE HOUSES, see Oct. 2
 8:30-Yugoslav FolkDance Company, at Constitution Hall

8:30-BILL COSBY Show, Shady Grove

Midnight films at the Circle Theater

SATURDAY, October 17

3pm-film, "Rio Grande", AFI
 6pm-UN 25 Concert, National Symphony, Dorati conducting, w. Eileen Farrell, Constitution Hall, BENEFIT
 8pm-GW Fall Concert
 8pm-films, "WagonMaster" & "7 Women" AFI
 8:30-COSBY, see Oct. 16
COFFEE HOUSES, see Oct. 2
 midnight movies at the Circle Theater

SUNDAY, October 18

5pm-Marilynn Engle, piano, Phillips Collection
 7pm-National Gallery Orchestra, with Dennis Zeigmondy (violin) & Ann Liese Milssen (piano)
 East Court Garden, National Gallery

8pm-film, "Loves of a Blonde", CU

7pm-concert, CHICAGO, Alive & Kicking, Seals & Croft, Baltimore Civic Center

8pm-film, "Figures in a Landscape", premiere of a new film by Joseph Losey, AFI
 8:30-COSBY, see Oct. 16

a real calendar!
wow!

The Circle Theatre

presents

A FESTIVAL OF

INTERNATIONAL FILM

CLASSICS

PART II

47 Film Classics—Many of which are being shown at the Circle Theatre for the first time.

Matinee Monday thru Friday, \$1.00

Evenings, Saturdays, Sundays, Holidays, \$1.75

Subscription Books—10 Tickets for \$10.00

WED. & THUR. SEPT. 30, OCT. 1	'PATHER PANCHAL' & <i>Aparajito</i>	Satyajit Ray's Apu trilogy.	<i>The World of Apu</i>
FRI.-SAT. OCT. 2-3	FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT'S <i>Stolen Kisses</i>	& <i>the soft skin</i>	
SUN.-MON. OCT. 4-5	MARCEL CARNE'S CLASSIC <i>CHILDREN OF PARADISE</i>	& JEAN VIGO'S MASTERPIECE <i>ZERO FOR CONDUCT</i>	
TUE.-WED. OCT. 6-7	Grand Prix Winner Cannes Festival <i>Viridiana</i>	& LUIS BUNUEL'S CANNES FESTIVAL CRITICS AWARD <i>The Exterminating Angel</i>	
THUR. OCT. 8	ACADEMY AWARD WINNER PETER WATKINS' <i>The War Game</i>	& GEORGE ORWELL'S <i>ANIMAL FARM</i>	
FRI.-SAT. OCT. 9-10	ALAIN RESNAIS' <i>MURIEL</i>	& ACADEMY AWARD WINNER <i>Sundays and Cybele</i>	
SUN.-MON. OCT. 11-12	AKIRA KUROSAWA'S <i>Seven Samurais</i>	& <i>Yojimbo</i>	
THUR. OCT. 15	Alexei Tolstoy's <i>Peter The Great I</i>	& VLADIMIR PETROV'S <i>Peter The Great II</i>	
FRI. & SAT. OCT. 16-17	JEAN-LUC GODARD'S <i>WEEKEND</i>	& Luis Bunuel's Masterpiece of Erotica! <i>Belle de JOUR</i>	
SUN. & MON. OCT. 18-19	SERGEI EISENSTEIN'S Uncut Classic Ten Days that Shook the World	& MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV'S And Quiet Flows the Don (ALSO KNOWN AS OCTOBER)	
TUE. & WED. OCT. 20-21	LUIS BUNUEL'S <i>SIMON OF THE DESERT</i>	& The Young and the Damned (Los Olvidados)	
THUR.-FRI.-SAT. OCT. 22-24	SERGEI PARADJHANOV'S Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors	& ALEXANDER DOVZHENKO'S <i>SHORS</i>	
SUN.-MON. OCT. 25-26	ALEC GUINNESS <i>KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS</i>	& CHARLES DICKENS' CLASSIC <i>GREAT EXPECTATIONS</i>	
TUE.-WED. OCT. 27-28	MARCELLO MASTROIANNI <i>The ORGANIZER</i>	& POINT OF ORDER! Emile de Antonio A FILM OF THE ARMY-McCarthy Hearings	
THUR. OCT. 29	ALBERT CAMUS' <i>THE STRANGER</i>	& ORSON WELLES' <i>The Trial</i>	
FRI. thru MON. OCT. 30-NOV. 2	SERGEI EISENSTEIN'S <i>STRIKE</i>	SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME UNCUT ORIGINAL VERSION	V. I. PUDOVKIN'S <i>THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG</i>
TUE. thru THUR. NOV. 3-5	ALEXANDER DOVZHENKO'S <i>EARTH</i>	SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME UNCUT ORIGINAL VERSION	V. I. PUDOVKIN'S <i>MOTHER</i> Based on novel by Maxim Gorky

The Circle Theatre

21st and Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., FE 7-4470

CONTINUING EVENTS

National- "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers" thru October 17th
 Washington Theater Club- "Effect of Gamma Rays On Man-in-the Moon Marigolds", cont.
 Ford's Theater - "Will Rogers, USA", thru Oct. 4, "Arsenic and Old Lace" opening October 14.

Back Alley Theater- "Fortune and Men's Eyes", thru Oct. 11
 Shady Grove- "Zorba" thru Oct. 4- "This Was Burlesque" Oct. 6-11

Theater Lobby- "Harry, Noon and Night", extended

CLUBS

Cellar Door - now, TIM HARDIN, Oct. 5, Richard Pryor- Mr. Henry's Georgetown- Roberta Flack
 JAMF-Sageworth & Drums
 Mr. Henry's (cap. hill.)-ARTHUR PRYSOCK, Oct. 6 Young, Holt Unit.
 Blues Alley- Jimmy McPartland
 Brickskeller- Babe
 Emergency- Elizabeth, Oct. 3, GRIN, Oct. 2
 Shoreham- Judy Carne, Mark Russell



OCTOBER 9TH

Tickets: \$3.50 (advance) \$4.50 (door)
Mail ORDERS: NEW ERA 1318 35th ST. N.W.

PHONE 965-9650

7 AND 10 PM C.U. GYM

URGEON
ALSO

Tickets at: C.U. Cardinal Center.
Empire Music, geo'twn, Bethesda
Sixth Sense, college park, md.
Hang-ups, falls church, va.
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